MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 15, 1943 • TEN CENTS

In This Issue:

SPY AGAINST SPY!

By CURT RIESS

The Amazing Story of German-Jap Espionage

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TORONTO CANADA

Editorials ...

Missing—800,000 Voters

WHILE final returns are unavailable at this writing, approximately 1 190 000 people voted in the Ontario provincial election.

Some 800 000 who were entitled to vote did not vote.

Enumeration was bad. So was the weather. A lot of folks were away on vacation.

And a considerable proportion just wouldn't make the effort.

What the result would have been had those 800 000 votes been polled is anybody's guess. We are reasonably certain, though, that weather, holidays and apathy didn't affect the CCF as much as they did the other parties. The sensational gains of that party were in no small measure due to the fact that its supporters turned out and voted.

From time to time Maclean's has commented on the Vanishing Voter. In far too many places municipal, provincial and even federal polls reveal an astonishing amount of disinterestedness.

This war is being fought to preserve a system of government under which citizens have the right to say their say via the ballot. It is a matter of grave concern that the right should mean so little to so many.

A Bow to Nova Scotia

TO THOUSANDS of Canadian soldiers, sailors and airmen, Nova Scotia is their last touch with Canada.

It is the temporary home of allied fighting men of many races, of members of that gallant company who man the merchant ships. Men from our own Pacific slopes and prairies, from every part of the Dominion, men from Australia's cities and bush, men from New Orleans to Seattle, Chinese and Greeks, Free Frenchmen and East Indians, Netherlanders, Norwegians, Danes, Poles and Czechs—all eager for a friendly greeting, a bed for the night, food, recreation.

The people of our eastern war portal, the people of Nova Scotia, have done a grand service in meeting these needs. Up to the end of 1942 more than 17 759 000 United Nations servicemen and women and merchant seamen were provided with hospitality of all kinds. This does not mean that so large a number of different individuals were thus served. Men of the Navy, for example, may visit hostels several times a year. But the work involved is the equivalent of service rendered to almost 16,000,000 men.

The story of this heart warming achievement is set down in the 1943 edition of an illustrated booklet issued by the Government of Nova Scotia—"Nova Scotia Helps the Fighting Man." It covers the activities of every organization concerned with that privilege. For Nova Scotians regard it as a privilege. We hope the booklet will be widely read throughout Canada.

Because of security restrictions, fellow citizens in other parts of the Dominion have not had much chance to learn of the full part being played by the Maritime Provinces in this conflict. When the chronicle can be published it will make a ringing chapter in Canada's war history.

Coal—$1 a Pound

CORRESPONDENTS in the interior of China are amazed at what can be procured in some shops, stunned by prices. They state that a fountain pen costs from 2,000 to 10,000 Chinese dollars ($100 to $500 in our money), that coal is about 15,000 Chinese dollars for 10 000 catties (7½ tons), or $1 a pound. Before the war its price was $120 (Chinese) for 10 000 catties. Rice which used to cost at most two Chinese dollars a bushel is now $370 a bushel.

That is what currency inflation, lack of price control, can do.

In a recent speech Donald Gordon, chairman of Canada's Wartime Prices and Trade Board, warned that pressure is increasing dangerously against the price ceiling, that it is menaced by demands for higher wages and food prices.

"If the dam breaks then God help us!" said Mr. Gordon, "because the flood waters will spread far and wide and bring endless suffering, misery and bitterness."

Mr. Gordon was addressing delegates attending a convention of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, a very effective medium in so far as a large section of the public is concerned. But a considerable number of editors hope that Mr. Gordon has directed similarly blunt warnings to the Government at Ottawa. For the Government itself started what might well become a cycle of wage and food price raising.

Neither Mr. Gordon nor Mr. Justice McTague of the Labor Board can keep living costs and the purchasing value of wages stable if Government departments make concessions which upset the control structure.

It's astonishing how many people have difficulty in understanding that the most important thing about a wage scale is the quantity of goods the wages will buy.

Combined Ops.

EVERY Canadian soldier who fought in Sicily knows the meaning and value of Combined Operations—or, as he calls them, Combined Ops.

From September 13 to October 9 the people of 27 cities and towns throughout Canada will engage in Combined Ops. Their objective is to replenish by co-operative effort the Community Chests which aid the humanitarian work of various social agencies.

Protestant, Catholic, Jew, employer and employee, Canadians of every race and of every economic bracket are working together for a common cause.

Welfare organizations which share the funds include the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the Victorian Order of Nurses, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Salvation Army, Children's Aid Societies and Family Welfare Bureaus.

In addition, individual communities have local organizations, suited to the needs of the district, which depend upon the financial support of those communities. They, too, are included in the appeal.

The Chest procedure is that each year each member agency presents not merely a request for funds but a budget approved by its own board of directors. The Chest, in determining the amount to be allocated to the agency, must examine and approve that budget. It is a matter of fact finding and broad-gauge planning.

Administrative costs, including campaigns, are low. The national average is six cents on the dollar.

This year the welfare appeals cover more than purely remedial and palliative measures. They stress the fact that Canadian welfare agencies are building for the future, the future that lies ahead of the younger generation.

When you give to your local Community Chest, you are in a way taking part in Combined Ops with our Army, Navy and Air Force. You are on the Home Front of a concerted battle to make this world a better place in which to live.

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Where tropic heat and zera cold are *minutes apart*

Airmen on duty in tropical areas have extremes of temperature to contend with. On the ground they may be sweltering in tropic heat. Inside of a few minutes they will climb to sub-zero cold. In the warm, humid atmosphere, moisture used to condense on the inside of their flying suits as it does on the outside of a pitcher. At zero temperatures it froze. For their protection Deacon designed the Tropical Flying Suit—now on active service.

It is made of Tropical WINDAK of open mesh weave for greater porosity. It is one-third the weight of materials ordinarily used. The insulation material is loose and porous and the lining is a light weight poplin. The materials allow greater body ventilation . . . perspiration can evaporate. You insulate against heat just as you insulate against cold.

It is just one of the war developments which will be helpful in designing the Deacon outdoor garments of the future.

Deacon Brothers

OUTDOOR WEAR

DEACON BROTHERS LIMITED . . . BELLEVILLE, CANADA

In the *Editor's* Confidence

WHEN THE manuscript of Curt Riess' exposé of the German - Japanese espionage system arrived in this office we didn't know that added interest was going to be attached to its publication in this issue by news dispatches revealing a Canadian angle. But on Aug 18, reports from Brazil announced the uncovering of a German-Japanese spy ring headed by Werner Waltsman, which was the clearing house for an espionage ring operating in this Dominion, and the arrest in Canada of Baron Hans von Kotve alias Von Hugues. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police confirmed the arrest.

It is an amazing story that Curt Riess unfolds on page five, the story not only of the enemy's undercover partnership, but of mutual double-crossing — Spy against Spy.

Mr. Riess knows plenty about spies. His factual book, "Total Espionage," is in its seventh edition, and "High Stakes," his novel about a Nazi spy ring in New York, while a best fiction seller, is thinly disguised actuality.

Riess was born in Germany, educated there and in Switzerland and France. In his early twenties he spent two years in the U. S., returning to Berlin to become a sports writer. When Hitler came to power he promptly moved to Paris, where he wrote for Paris Soir, his articles being syndicated to 55 papers and magazines all over Europe. In 1934 he moved to New York to be American correspondent for Paris Soir. For obvious reasons the sources of Mr. Riess' information, used in numerous books and several articles published in Maclean's, cannot be revealed. But we haven't found him wrong yet.

● In the course of our own professional life we have met two real live spies. They weren't by any means as fascinating as they would have been in a fiction story. Spies never are. But there are more of them. Riess estimates that Hitler has or had five to ten million spies at his disposal in a system that covers the world. The "Avoid Careless Talk" posters you see everywhere aren't put up for fun.

● We live in a house with blue awnings over the windows. This summer two small English girls, five and seven, came to stay in a house across the street. The day we met them, Olivia, the five-year-old, sweetly enquired "Do you live in the house with the blue eyelids?" This made us feel so kind and gentle that we lessened the fury of our attack on weeds. Now we may have to plow our lawn under.

Of course when you think of it, a lot of houses do look as if they had eyelids. They give some dwellings a come-hither look, and some a quaint, drowsy look. Many of the latter are hard to keep tidy, lack labor-saving devices and make housewives pine for a house like . . . well, a house such as that described by Creighton Peet on page twelve of this issue.

It's the House of Tomorrow which Mr. Peet depicts. We are not suggesting that anybody will be able to start duplicating it or its contents the day after peace is declared. But the article does outline the shape of domestic things to come within a reasonable spell of postwar time. And it isn't just imagination. It is merely the application of discoveries already made and materials already in war use to the use of the peacetime home.

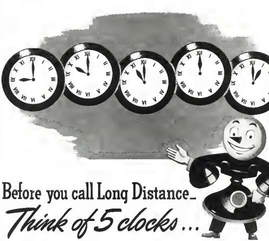
Creighton Peet, New Yorker by birth, is a writer with a passion for finding out how things are made and what is coming next. Widely travelled, he began his explorations at an early age by making an exhaustive survey of a chocolate plant in Switzerland. Since then he has seen people making everything from Boulder Dam generators to beer and tooth paste; from fine china to the plastics which will play a major part in the House of Tomorrow.

His article in this number is the first of a series on various phases of The World of Tomorrow.

● In a combined operation on page ten Wallace Reyburn and John Clare tell how on the Mediterranean front our soldiers and airmen have not only taken the enemy in their stride, but heat, flies, malaria, dysentery and dirt. Reyburn, former assistant editor of our sister publication, Chatelaine, is Montreal Standard's war correspondent with the Canadian First Division in Sicily, and Flying Officer Clare is an RCAF public relations officer in North Africa.

Before you decide to be a truck driver on the Alaskan Highway, perhaps you had better read Edna Jaques' article on page seven.

H. Napier Moore



Before you call Long Distance_
Think of 5 clocks . . .

WHEN it's a matter of making a long distance call, all hours are not alike. You get better, quicker service and help to keep long distance lines clear for vital war messages, by calling at "off-peak" hours—usually before 10 A.M., just after 12 noon, or after 9 P.M. But remember there are five time zones in North America. When it is 1 P.M. in the Maritimes, it is 9 A.M. in British Columbia. If your long distance call takes you into another time zone, be sure to make allowance for the difference in time.

TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

● OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE SEVEN MAJOR TELEPHONE SYSTEMS SERVING THE DOMINION OF CANADA

HISTORIC "FIRSTS" IN RUBBER

First in America... to build tires for Automobiles

"The first tyres in America on commercial motor vehicles were made by the B F Goodrich Company in 1896 for Winton cars" says the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

In the 47 years since those first tires were made B F Goodrich has completed a long list of achievements in the development of tires and rubber goods. Year after year B F Goodrich research and engineering have blazed new trails. The many improvements they have helped have done much to give today's tires their present amazing durability, blow-out protection and non-skid safety.

One of the most recent B F Goodrich developments was dinamin, that amazing combination of chemicals discovered by B F Goodrich research scientists. Dinamin helps keep rubber young and alive, makes it tougher, more resistant to heat, sunlight and oxygen.

B F Goodrich research still goes on. New developments will be ready when increased supplies of rubber are again available for making tires. And no matter what kind of rubber is available, guayule, natural, reclaimed or any other—as since 1870 B F Goodrich will make the finest tires that can be made from it.

SAFETY FIRSTS... *that make your tires last longer*

Drive below 40 M P H
Check tire inflation weekly
Have your tires inspected regularly

These are firsts in safety for your present tires, which very likely must last you for the duration. There is still no prospect of sufficient rubber for ordinary civilian needs. So don't take chances with your present tires.

Spy against Spy

"The Japanese spy opened the safe and made copies of the records . . ."

DRAWINGS BY
CLARE [illegible]

By CURT RIESS

ON JUNE 13 1943, the U S Government announced the arrest of a German spy Bernard J Kuehn who it was established, had been spying for the Japanese on the west coast of America. The arrest had occurred many months before. The beginning of the story took place more than two years earlier.

On March 18 1941 around nine o'clock in the evening a man crossing Seventh Avenue at 45th Street in New York City was struck by a taxicab. Papers found on the man indicated that his name was Julio Lopez. Doctors pronounced his condition grave and he died the following morning.

By that time the authorities had found out where Lopez was staying and they had taken possession of his effects. Among other things it was learned that Lopez was not Lopez at all. His real name was Ulrich von der Osten. That name meant something to secret services all over the world. Ulrich von der Osten had been a German intelligence officer during World War I.

Only a few weeks before he was killed in the accident he had arrived in the United States—from Shanghai. The papers found in his hotel room disclosed more than his identity. They revealed what Von der Osten had been doing during the weeks preceding his death. They indicated that he had been active in espionage work against the United States.

Japs spy on Nazi industry, Nazis spy on Jap troops . . . here's the amazing story of a spy alliance turned to feud

The FBI found detailed reports about the Island of Oahu and the fortifications at Pearl Harbor. These reports had come to Von der Osten by way of a third person in Shanghai, a man who figured in all the notes as "Mr Smith." Evidently Shanghai had for a long time been the centre where different reports had to be directed, perhaps even the place where orders for espionage work were given, at the very least what in espionage language is termed a "post office."

On the margin of one of the reports the FBI found a note in handwriting. It said, "Will be of interest mostly to our yellow Allies."

Nine months later came the attack on Pearl Harbor. The treacherous assault by the Japanese proved beyond doubt that the yellow Allies of the Nazis had made good use of the information which had been transferred to them.

German-Japanese espionage now covers the

It began when a man was struck by a taxi

world. Recently the Royal Canadian Mounted Police arrested Baron Hans von Kotze who was described as the head of a spy ring operating in Canada.

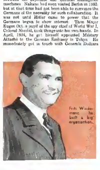
Nazi-Japanese spy collaboration began in 1934. Its first objective was Soviet Russia.

General Kenji Doihara, chief of Japanese military intelligence, had spent a large part of his enormous $5 millions budget on obtaining information about Russia but he had not got very far. The reason was the eternal handicap under which Japanese agents labored: a Japanese could always be recognized as a Japanese.

Seigo Nakano, leader of the Toho-Kai Party—an organization with strong Fascist tendencies—had

"Yamamota was specially interested in certain laboratories"

advocated for some time a working arrangement between the Japanese and German intelligence machines. Nakano had even visited Berlin in 1932, but at that time had not been able to convince the Germans of the necessity for such collaboration. It was not until Hitler came to power that the Germans began to show interest. Then Major Eugen Ott, a pupil of the spy chief of World War I, Colonel Nicolai, took things into his own hands. In April, 1934, he got himself appointed Military Attaché to the German Embassy in Tokyo. He immediately got in touch with Generals Doihara



Fritz Wiedemann: he built a big organization.

and Saduo Araki, invisible heads of Japan's mighty military clique, as well as War Minister Terauchi.

The first collaboration plan was worked out. In 1935 Doihara appointed Colonel Hiroshi Oshima as Military Attaché to Berlin. In the spring of 1936 a very definite espionage agreement was reached. Immediately thereafter—that is, in April—Admiral Godo, a retired Navy man and president of the huge Showa steel works, visited Berlin for the ostensible purpose of presenting an ancient sword to Hitler. Aside from this gesture he conferred with Herr Krupp in Essen and received the final important military intelligence.

During the next few months a number of Japanese intelligence officers arrived in Berlin where they were installed in the Embassy. By July, 1936, every detail of the agreement had been settled including the financial question. Japan was to pay Germany an annual sum of $8 millions. For this Germany was to build up its intelligence service and transfer all intelligence thus acquired to the Japanese.

Shortly thereafter Ott became Ambassador in Tokyo and Oshima became Ambassador in Berlin. It was the first time in history that two great countries had appointed spies as their highest respective representatives.

Japs Had Failed

AS SOON as the Russian question was settled the Japanese approached the Germans with a new problem. Would the Germans be willing to collaborate also in espionage concerning the United States if satisfactory financial arrangements could be made?

The reason for this approach was the fact that Japanese espionage in the United States had not produced satisfactory results. Though America was much less spy conscious at that time than Soviet Russia the inefficiency of the Japanese was lamentable. Not less than seven Japanese military and naval attachés had had to leave the United States after having been discovered in espionage activity.

In August, 1936, the Germans informed the Japanese that they would gladly "take over" the United States if the Japanese would pay the expenses. The price agreed upon was $12 millions annually. In other words the Japs had to pay an additional $4 millions per year.

Almost immediately German agents began to land in the United States. By the middle of 1937 they were arriving on practically every German ship. It was then that Fritz Wiedemann made his appearance in the United States.

Wiedemann is a good-looking man, tall, broad-shouldered, with curly dark hair parted in the middle. He is an excellent horseman, tennis player, golfer, fencer. He has a straightforward manner and undeniable charm. He makes friends easily, especially with women.

During World War I he was a captain in the regiment in which Hitler served as a corporal. In 1933 Hitler sent for him and made him a member of his personal staff. After the murder of Roehm, Wiedemann was commonly supposed to be one of the closest personal friends of the Fuehrer. Therefore it caused a flurry when on Nov. 24, 1937, Wiedemann suddenly appeared in the United States. There were rumors of a "diplomatic mission" but Wiedemann denied this—and with good reason.

Two days after his arrival in New York Wiedemann conferred with the heads of the German and Japanese military missions. On Nov. 29 he visited the head of the Japanese intelligence service. Probably it was then and there decided not to set up offices in New York, Washington or Los Angeles, but to establish headquarters in San Francisco. Wiedemann left America four weeks after his arrival.

But on Jan. 21, 1939, he was appointed consul general to San Francisco and soon afterward took up his post.

In informed circles the appointment caused surprise, to say the least. It seemed strange that a

close friend of the Fuehrer's should be relegated to such a post. The German consul generalship in San Francisco had always been a very minor post as the entire German-American trade was concentrated on the Atlantic coast. People whispered that Wiedemann had fallen into disfavor, that the appointment to San Francisco was in the nature of a punishment or an exile.

Nothing was further from the truth. Wiedemann came to the United States in order to direct and co-ordinate German espionage activities for the benefit of Japan. The logical headquarters for such a post was San Francisco.

Spent Vast Sums

WIEDEMANN built up an elaborate organization. Among his most important assistants on the west coast was a certain lawyer, officially a legal adviser to the German Consulate, but in reality the paymaster of Wiedemann's entire organization. Vast sums passed through his hands. Wiedemann during his short stay in the United States paid out more than $5 millions to various agents. Though it is impossible to find out exact figures it is known that the sums which appeared at one time or another on Wiedemann's various bank accounts—and which disappeared again—were out of all proportion to the expenses of a consul in San Francisco.

Perhaps Wiedemann's most important assistant was a man who was a key member of the Bund and owner of a German bookstore in Los Angeles.

In the East Wiedemann worked to a large degree with White Russians who were organized under Count Anastase Andreyevich Vonsiatsky, head of the Russian Fascist Party in the United States.

As early as January, 1939, Vonsiatsky had visited the West Coast for the purpose of conferring with Wiedemann's advance agents. After a conference in Los Angeles at which officials of German consulates and local Russian Fascist leaders were present, he went to Tokyo. There, on Feb. 25, 26 and 27, he attended meetings of agents of the German-Japanese spy alliance. Later he established headquarters in Putnam, Conn., on the estate of his wealthy wife. His address became an important "post office" for spy material. His present address since his conviction on espionage charges, is a United States penitentiary.

Wiedemann had to leave the United States after the German consulates were closed down in July, 1941. But he seemed only slightly perturbed, much less so than his colleagues. He told interviewers that he had no immediate plans for himself or his family.

A few weeks later he turned up in Shanghai—the operating base of "Mr. Smith." According to British sources he immediately established contact with Kenji Doihara and, naturally enough, with Major Eugen Ott. Though there is no way of knowing his exact whereabouts or his specific activities—according to British sources he shuttles between Shanghai and Tokyo—it can be surmised that his new role is that of an adviser to the Japanese General Staff. There is no doubt that behind many military and naval actions by the Japanese there is a vast store of information gathered by Wiedemann and his spy ring when he was in the United States between 1939 and 1941.

Industrial Spies

THIS, however, is only one side of the rather intricate relationship between Japanese and German espionage. While these two secret services collaborate in their fight against the United Nations they have a feud on between themselves.

This feud, indeed, goes back to the Russian-Japanese War in 1905. It was after that war that the Japanese Intelligence service started sending industrial spies into Europe on a large scale in order to accelerate the building up of Japan's own industries.

Continued on page 48

The author of this article, Curt Riess, former correspondent of the Paris Soir, has written a number of books on espionage including "High Stakes" and "Total Espionage."

Trucks are nicknamed "Dora," "Aggie," etc.

—National Film Board Photos.

Canvoy crosses river bed on the trip north

They Ride With Death

Dentists, cowboys, farmers, poets have little in common . . . yet they share the courage it takes to drive the Alaska highway

By EDNA JAQUES

THEY'RE tough as old cowhide, brown as commandos, gentle as women. They ride their lurching trucks for 100 hours at a stretch, sleep with their boots on and dream of home and kids and quiet beds, and you never hear a complaint from one of them.

Every other person you meet at Dawson Creek is a trucker. All you hear by day and night are their pounding wheels as they roar by in clouds of dust, lurching around corners, swaying down the little streets, roaring up the hills northward to Fort St. John and Watson Lake, to Muskwa and Whitehorse—up over the bulge of the world and into the green valleys of Alaska where the sun shines all the midsummer night long and you go to bed in broad daylight and wake up with the sun still in your eyes.

The tale of the Alaska Highway has been told a score of times but no one has told the story of the truckers—the little guys who followed close on the heels of the bulldozers and graders. These are the drivers who fought their way through slime and muck and broken trees, up over the rim of mountains, down through the swale and mire of unnamed valleys until their trembling hands cut the switch of their engines beside the mud-caked sidewalks of Fairbanks, Alaska.

I rode beside them for miles on end, watched their knuckles whiten on the wheels, heard their breath come whistling between clenched teeth, saw them reach for a cigarette when the grade eased out, and they laughed a bit to put you off guard so you wouldn't know how great was the strain they drove under.

"She froze on me, lady," a trucker from Saskatchewan said to me, "froze solid under me at 60 below and I thought I was a dead man for sure, but we managed to get her thawed out when the sun came up and I'll never forget how beautiful the snow glittered on them hills. It was a sight for sore eyes. But it ain't fit for a trucker to be on the road when she hits 60 below, so when we got to the Liard we bedded her down until the thaw came and me n' Bill slept on the floor of the eating house for 18 hours and never moved a finger."

They speak of their trucks lovingly as a man will talk about a favorite horse. Most of them call their trucks "Maisie," "Dora," "Aggie," "Serena," and so on. When you hear them praising Maisie, telling about the way she handles herself, how she purrs like a kitten on a hill, you look at Maisie and all you see is an old battered truck with a bashed in bumper and mud-crusted wheels, and you wonder what he sees in this mess of steel and canvas and rubber to put that look in his eyes.

If you are a trucker you travel in convoys of 10 to 100 vehicles. I saw one great convoy early last spring of 800 brown-hooded trucks rolling northward up over the silent hills. From faraway they looked for all the world like a great brown snake crawling along the right-of-way—a rattler, unruled and deadly with poison in its fangs—and we who watched them go knew that death rode with these on every truckload and swaying seat.

Loading up at Dawson Creek is a business in itself. Your cargo must be carefully stowed, every inch taken, every corner snug and rattleproof. After you hit the trail you have enough on your mind without worrying over your load. But you have to be sure it won't shift or work loose.

Loads Going North

WHAT do his cargoes consist of? Just about everything you could name and a lot of things you never heard of or never saw before. Food by the carload—bacon and beans, potatoes, vegetables, sugar, tea, coffee—sulfa drugs for wounds and fever, vitamin pills, rubber boots, prefabricated houses in sections, radiators, copper wire, phones, desks, thousands of chairs and bedsteads, mattresses, bath

Continued on page 45

Edna Jaques is the well-known Canadian authoress and poet. She recently completed an extensive trip to the Alaska Highway country and while there travelled hundreds of miles by truck.

Riveter's Money

Clara Elkart thought money could buy anything . . . but she didn't know that happiness is something that's not always for sale

By CHENOWETH HALL

The tears were big in his eyes. "Who will I belong to?" he asked quietly

ILLUSTRATED BY
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THIS was to be an important day—the boy was to have a new father. The boy was 10. His name, Morris Elkart. Always that name had been his. It had been part of him like his toes and his fingers and the color of his hair and eyes. It was his mother's name and his father's name—Elkart. Now his mother's name was going to be Walling. His new father's name was going to be Walling. His name was still Elkart. His mother said so, answering him shortly and annoyedly when he kept asking, "Who will I belong to?" "Oh keep quiet, don't ask questions."

The tears were big in his eyes as he swung his feet, looking down at his new shoes, new sweater, new pants. All these things had come in packages that he had torn open eagerly when they came addressed to his name from James Walling, away making a lot of money in the shipyards. His father had sat in the house and watched them come and Morris had sidled up to his mother and listened to her endless nagging resentment of his father who didn't make a lot of money in the shipyards and who she now said had always been lazy. "Get up and get some of that wood in. There ain't a stick in the woodshed. You haven't got enough gumption to keep wood in the house—and James is sending clothes to cover your son's back."

Morris turned grim against his father after months of that. Harold Elkart was lazy. In the same ambling easy laziness that all the men in the village were lazy. They got that way because there wasn't much work around, not even if they looked for it. In the summer Harold stuck always to the dull routine of trucking from the factory to the railroad station, dozens of trips a day until he was worn-out and tired by dark, ready to sit around in his stocking feet, go to bed without washing up and start up the truck again at six in the morning. The pay was short and there was only four months of it at steady work but it was the groove his life had worked into. There was a steadiness to it, a lazy, ambling steadiness that got nowhere but did nobody any harm.

Morris had got used to his mother's jawing his father and took their kind of home life (nagging, jawing, scrimping) as a matter of course. Then it got so his father would cry when his mother nagged him. As soon as the tears started to come Clara Elkart's voice would get louder and louder and Morris would go out to the front porch and sit all alone in the squeaky swing. Then by and by Clara would come out and jolt down on the swing beside him and tell him everything that made her sick about his father. His father was inarticulate, never talked, just looked hurt, so Morris had all his opinions formed by his mother. He always felt all drained out by this time and the jolting, squeaking sway of the swing made his sick stomach seem corked by the hard rough lump in his windpipe.

But Clara would look at him. "Poor kid. Your father's so lazy he don't get you clothes to cover your back." That was if he happened to have on a pair of torn overalls or a sock with a hole in it. Or, "Poor kid—you'd think your father'd have the gumption to get out and earn a little something extra so you could have a bicycle like the other kids." It was always poor kid.

Then the packages started coming: a new long pants suit of clothes, a red bicycle, a bank with eight dollars in dimes in it and finally a riveter's helmet just like the one Jimmy Walling wore in the shipyards. They supplied all the things his father failed to supply and Clara Elkart prompted her son to notice it with the arrival of each package.

It got so that he no longer rode piggie-back to bed on his father's back. He bade him a self-conscious goodnight at first, then ignored him altogether and took his new possession pointedly to bed with him—his father's eyes following him with a meek shame showing out from the red rims.

The nagging finally stopped and Harold Elkart was ignored. James Walling with his riveter's money was supplying everything to Harold Elkart's wife and boy. Not from pride but from being no longer anybody at all, Harold Elkart finally moved out of the house like an empty glass is pushed aside in a cupboard.

THIS, today, was now the great day. Harold Elkart had been divorced. It had cost $40 to the lawyer. James Walling with his overtime money had paid for it. Today they were to move out of this shiftless little burg, as his mother called it, and go down to live with James Walling near the shipyards. It would be a long ride on the train. His bicycle had been packed and shipped. The house had all its shades drawn. All the new cushions had been taken out of the chairs and sent on ahead to wait by the shipyards in general delivery. The stove was oiled and greased so it wouldn't rust and a layer of newspaper had been spread over the rug in the dining room.

The sounds that came out of the house were hollow as Morris Elkart sat on the floor of the porch waiting. Down the road under a pine tree two kids stood staring at him, thinking they ought to come up and say good-by but thinking too of the things they'd heard their own mother say. The self-consciousness of the children told a lot of what they heard at home.

Morris waved timidly at them and they turned and ran off the road into the bushes and sat there like cats peering out between the leaves. Morris got up uneasily and went into the house. There was no place to lay his eyes. Everything that had made the house familiar had been removed. Suddenly he began to cry. Sobs poured out of him. Not until now had he known how much of him was this house. Now he had no house and the kids he'd always played with stared at him and ran away. Right now he realized how much these things were. He felt like a ravelling of thread trying to walk. Then he thought of his name. He didn't even have that. His mother's clattering footsteps overhead made him cry the harder for she sounded so busy with something else besides him—something else that he didn't know anything about.

Before when he thought about himself as a person he thought of getting up in the morning and dressing. He knew just how the familiar floor felt under his feet, he knew just what it would look like out the window and just how he'd go downstairs and take his dish of hot cereal that had been set in the top of the tea-kettle to keep warm. He thought of himself riding his bicycle over to the swimming place, of driving Davis' cows out on the point and getting 10 cents for it. He thought of himself buying three Fudge Cremes and two suckers with five cents of the dime and saving the other nickel for a war savings stamp.

Now he couldn't think of himself. There was no "himself." It was just all those things that he did that were himself. Even the things he hated to do were himself. Now he would do none of them. He was like something pulled up by the roots with no soil left on them at all.

"Oh, stop your snivelin' now!" his mother interrupted his thoughts. "Don't be so soft. Here. Blow your nose first. I don't want Amy to see you go out of the house cryin' your head off. She's had enough t' say as it is. She won't see your new suit o' clothes and your new shoes—all she'll see is your cryin'. Now stop it. Stop it right now! You hear?"

Morris stopped. He was ready to stop anyhow. He'd cry now only if somebody said something soft to him.

JAMES WALLING met them at the bus. Clara had been busy fixing her face for 20 minutes before they got into the bus station.

Morris felt better right away because James took them straight to a drugstore and got them a soda. "You always spend it, don't you?" Clara said proudly, nudging Morris. They drank their sodas. Then they started a long serious undertone conversation. In the end James turned to the long-faced little boy poking the bent straws around in the bottom of the empty soda glass. "Can you be a good fellow for a half hour, Morris?"

"Sure," Morris answered weakly, scared to death.

"Good." James took him by the hand and Clara hung on to James' other arm as they walked across the street scooting with cars to the narrow steps of a building marked hotel. James left Clara on the sidewalk and took Morris by the hand. When they walked through the passageway lined on both sides with men with black smelling cigars they got into a windowless room with broken wicker chairs in it. James took Morris over to one of them. "Can you sit here by yourself, kid, for half an hour? Don't go until we come back for you." Then he whispered in Morris' ear. "We're going out to be married." Morris bent back from the whispering as though the cigarette breath had knocked him back. He looked straight ahead of himself and said bravely, "Yes."

Clara was insistent upon propriety. They would be married immediately.

It really wasn't more than a half hour that they were gone. Morris could see that by the clock. He sat, afraid to move, his legs out straight over the wide seat of the creaky wicker chair. Once he slid forward to plant his feet on the floor but he had to sit on his neck to do it so he wriggled himself back into the rigid position and stayed there.

"Is this it, Mama?" he said. "Is this the city?"

When they came back for him Clara stepped into the room with Jimmy. They were married now and it was all right her being inside a hotel with him. Propriety had to do with words Clara had heard—and one word was hotel. She had never heard what to do with little boys when you got married a second time.

Morris walked stiffly between his mother and James Walling out through the narrow smoke-filled passage between the rows of men rolling cigars in their mouths while reading limp newspapers. His new shoes hurt his feet and the hard hot sidewalk was like hot sandpaper under them. They took a streetcar and Morris hung to the side of a seat, his tired body squeezed in between so many people he couldn't see out the windows. Finally James pulled at his shoulder, took his hand and dragged him out through the people.

They were on a rough cobblestone street waiting for the traffic to stop so they could cross and James Walling was pointing with his finger to a house—a grey clapboard thing with a screened-in porch downstairs and one upstairs. It had a bent look as though one side of it had heavier people in it than the others. "It's two rooms in there. All furnished."

"What?" Morris asked.

Clara looked at him and didn't answer him.

"What, Mama?"

"Where we are going to live. What'd you think it was?"

Morris looked back again at the grey thing. "Gosh, it's an ugly place!"

"Lucky to get anything," James answered proudly. The crowded smelling city was something to be proud of—something he'd helped to make.

The panes of the front door were painted in green and red squares. The door fitted loose in its hinges, it had been opened and closed, opened and closed, opened and closed so many times. It opened into a hall that was mostly well behind the stairs and their feet stepped in on a green rug worn almost to burlap color by the many feet that walked over it. Strewn around under the umbrella stand and under the stairs were toys and scraps of cloth, a doll dress and two big hollow blocks—one with an "I" on it and the other with a big "W." There were other children living here.

When the door was closed there was just the red and green door light that looked like a phosphorous checkerboard. Jimmy started climbing the stairs and they went after him.

There were two rooms, a bedroom and a sitting room. Kitchen privileges and bathroom were down the hall. Morris looked around at it, every bit of expectancy gone out of his face. "Is this it, Mama? Is this the city?"

"Where do you think it is? Of course it's the city. A lot of people live here an you don't live all sprawled out like you do in the country."

James pulled the curtain back. "Look there's a movie right down there—only a block away. See?"

Morris ran to the window and looked down at the dirty grey cobblestones and out along the street to the big red and blue sign that had just been turned on. He looked eagerly at the sign. "Wonder what's on tonight."

"Won't do you no good to wonder. We're going to get these boxes unpacked and get to bed tonight." James interrupted her. "Tomorrow I'll walk him down to the movie when it opens and go down for him when it's over."

"All by myself?"

"Sure. You're a big fellow. I'll come after you."

"You're spoilin' him right off," Clara said.

Morris looked unwilling to back down on going but he searched Clara's face, hoping she would

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"Victory Troops"

By

WALLACE REYBURN

Montreal Standard Staff Correspondent

and JOHN CLARE

—Canadian Army and RCAF Photos

Canadians on the Mediterranean front take a lot of things in their stride . . . including heat, flies, malaria, dysentery and dirt

ALGIERS—(By Cable) After going to all the trouble of getting accustomed to rain, the damp English climate, black-outs and English money, Canadians now find that they've entered a subtropical theatre of war. They've had to start all over again now and get themselves used to heat, flies, mosquitoes, dysentery, red wine and other problems.

The Canadians, whom the English refer to as "Victory Troops," find the heat here is terrific and the locals say jokingly that they chose the wrong time of the year to visit this part of the world—"the season" here is October to January. But it is dry heat, so much so that after washing your hands it is only necessary to hold them in the sun for a few seconds and they are dry. And, although the sun beats down relentlessly from the blue sky all day long, it is blessedly cool after sundown.

The troops wear "KD smalls" khaki drill. It consists of shorts, slacks and a two-way shirt which comes almost to the knees and can be worn either inside the trousers or outside, a style known as the "maternity jacket." As for the Air Force the boys get a wide variety of flying clothes. It's too hot for leather flying jackets these nights but a bit too cool for just a shirt, so most of the crews compromise with a khaki battle jacket and slacks although many of them fly in the shorts they have worn around the camp all day.

It is impossible to keep clean here because the dust immediately collects on perspiration. We do our own laundry. So as to save wear and tear on the shirt neckbands most troops wear a handkerchief around the neck and although it gets dirty it is simpler to wash than the whole shirt. This may be the origin of the cowboy's neckerchief.

When evening comes it is essential to wear slacks because of the mosquitoes. All troops have been exhaustively told the problems of mosquitoes and malaria. Quinine is used for those who've contracted malaria and for fliers. The remainder take Mepachrine. Other precautions against malaria are nets and mosquito cream which is smeared on the exposed parts of the body. The troops were smearing on the cream when one man was heard to remark, "Golly, I always bawled out my wife for smearing on vanishing cream instead of coming to bed but I never thought I would be doing it myself."

The mosquito net is erected over the sleeping bag but after frantic efforts to get it erected properly you usually find a half dozen mosquitoes inside waiting for you. This phase of the campaign is too long a story to go into here. It needs an article to itself.

Hand in glove with the mosquitoes are flies which are the most persistent customers ever encountered. Up with the larks they set to work pestering you before you are awake and don't let up until nightfall. Taking their cue from Britain's night bombers supplemented by American day bombing, the mosquitoes and flies have worked out a round-the-clock campaign. The flies steadfastly refuse to be shooed and will park resolutely on the body and even pursue food as it goes into the mouth.

As anti-fly propaganda the Canadians paint signs on walls and the sides of buildings in big letters such as, "Flies improve with killing" and "Praise the Lord and pass the fly swatter." The danger of flies is that they are carriers of dysentery. This malady comes on you quickly and unexpectedly with no warning whatsoever.

Absolutely harmless compared with the flies but so big that their prairie cousins look like victims of

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Top: Canadian dispatch riders in Africa. Above left: A little problem in laundry. Left: Canadian gunner prepares for raid.

Front Line Hospital

By PETER STURSBERG

CBC War Correspondent

Wounded don't wait for care in this war. Doctors, nurses —even hospitals—went right to the battlefields in Sicily

Wounded Canadians get first aid on the Sicilian front

ALGIERS (BY CABLE) Cicadas crackled among the olive trees. Underfoot the earth was grey and spent-looking as though all its life had been sapped by the heat. It was the hottest time of the day and the Canadian nurse looked like a cool wraith in her light-blue uniform as she stepped across the grove. One moment she was in blazing light and the next in dappled shadow.

I can't remember what I said to Nursing Sister Elizabeth Lawson, Saint John, N.B., or what she said when we first met. I think I must have stood there under the olive trees with my mouth open like a stage-struck yokel. I was gaping at her fresh appearance as she had a look about her as though she had just come out of a beauty parlor to be met by a nippy fall breeze. It just could not happen in Sicily.

Paul Johnson, CBC engineer, and I had just landed on the island. I was returning to the front after making a number of broadcasts from North Africa. It was a triumph getting to Sicily with portable recording equipment but we still had to reach the Canadian front which was some 100 miles away.

There was no transport at the airport which was nothing but a flat piece of bare ground. We stood in the fierce sunlight outside the crumbling limestone hut, which served as Air Force headquarters, watching the clouds of dust raised by the planes. Two brigadiers walked from truck to truck trying to get a lift. We noticed that their boots were no longer the highly polished things they had been in the plane.

An ambulance drove across the field to a transport plane parked directly in front of the hut and began unloading wounded soldiers. I walked over and saw the red patches on the sleeves of the men. They lay smoking and chatting under one of the plane's wings where they had been placed before being loaded into the plane. The ambulance was returning empty and we asked the British medical captain if we could hop a ride to the Canadian front. He said yes but pointed out that the ambulance was not going far. However, we could keep changing ambulances, he said, and eventually get up to the front line.

"You see," he said, "we run a sort of bus service from the front and there are all kinds of stops—such as advanced surgical centres, casualty clearing stations and field hospitals where the wounded get attention and change buses. This airfield is the last stop."

We lugged our portable equipment to the empty ambulance and shoved it in between two cots. We clambered in the back of the vehicle and it started down the dirt road but there was so much dust we couldn't see where we were going. When the ambulance turned onto a paved road we saw limestone walls and olive groves unfolding behind us. But the vehicle had not far to go and in a short while we stopped at an air evacuation centre.

Left: Canadian nurses see service in the field

Canadian Army Photos

There I met Nursing Sister Lawson. I should not have been surprised at seeing Canadian nurses in Sicily as we knew that this Canadian General Hospital unit had landed. At the front we always talked about going down to see the girls but there was always another advance, another captured town, or another battle to write about and we never did get back to see them.

I must have blurted something inane such as, "Well, what are you doing here?" She told me that she and five other nurses had been sent to help the British at this air evacuation centre for the time being.

"If you are riding ambulances to the front," she said, "you will see the rest of the girls from the General Hospital. They're not far from here."

The Canadian nurses were living under canvas—three to a tent. They were sleeping in camp beds and washing in canvas basins set under trees whose branches served as towel racks. Their quarters were just like the men's in Sicily except that in each tent there was a table covered with a bright-colored cloth on which were bottles of scent and silver-mounted portraits. There were even vases full of flowers. The nurses also had their own mess tent with wicker chairs which the British had scrounged somewhere.

"We have lots of air raids here because we are close to the airfield," Sister Anna Cran, Winnipeg, told me. "Sometimes the raids last nearly all night."

Sister Lawson said she was playing bridge in their mess when anti-aircraft guns opened fire. She said, "We all dived under the table. When it was all over we were as mad as anything because our hands were mixed up."

I remembered the first nights on the Pachino Peninsula when enemy planes attacked the ships and the flak was like a devil's fireworks in the sky and shrapnel came hissing down all around and you wished you were small enough to fit under your helmet.

We lunched at the air evacuation centre before going on. There were flowers on the bare wooden table—the girls had seen to that. We sat on benches and ate stew and hardtack from mess tins. The British doctors talked about Africa for they had taken part in the Tunisian campaign. The Canadian nurses talked about Rome and what they would do when they got there. Afterward we had coffee which the girls had brought with them from England.

As Sister Lawson said, it was not far to the hospital. This General Hospital unit was housed in a building formerly used by the Italians for the same purpose. We drove through an imposing gateway to a row of low two-story buildings. A blue-uniformed nurse was walking across the grounds and she entered what must have been the

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Your House of Tomorrow

Flexible rooms, invisible lighting, dust-free air . . . science has all sorts of wonders to dispel housekeeping headaches

By CREIGHTON PEET

ONE evening during the winter of 1955 the [illegible] indicator in the hall will buzz indicating the arrival of visitors. From the window you watch a family sized helicopter settle to earth in your private landing field. It is your brother David and his family dropping in to inspect your new home.

When your guests have settled in the living room your wife may remark "My, it's crowded in here—don't you think we should have some more room?"

This is a practical suggestion rather than an invitation to your relatives to go home. Your new home has movable walls and after loosening a few bolts a panel is rolled into a slot, doubling the size of the living room. At the same time you turn on more light—fluorescent tubes set flush in the walls and ceilings and concealed behind glass panels. The result is a uniform luminous glow throughout the room.

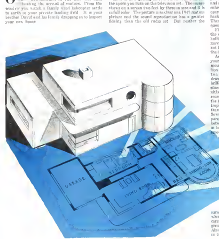
And it is now getting on toward curtain time for the opera so you turn on the television set. The image shows on a screen two feet by three in size and it is in full color. The picture is as clear as a 1943 motion picture and the sound reproduction has a greater fidelity than the old radio set. But neither the soprano's highest notes nor the orchestra's crashing finale will wake the children for although many of its interior walls are movable your home is thoroughly soundproof.

Bedroom blankets vanish

The most striking evidence of this occurs when you take a phone call in a corner of the room while the telecast is in progress. Like most of your neighbors you have a special telephone alcove—a sort of doorless phone booth. Its walls are covered with a sound-deadening material which looks like cardboard punched full of tiny holes. It is so effective that you can make a phone call with privacy and comfort while the room is full of people and noise. Such materials were first given tests in subway construction back in 1941. After the opera you pick up the CBC news and a telecast of a hockey game being played hundreds of miles away. Then your guests begin poking about asking questions.

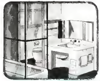
First they notice that several pieces of furniture, the davenport, some tables, and a bench, etc., are built into the walls—that is, the walls which are not movable. The controls for the television set are not in the set itself but in a little box in the arm of the davenport.

As to your house itself. First you want to show your brother the view, for your home is high in the mountains. Adjoining the living room is a combination dining and sun room with a vast plastic window two stories high. Switching off the lights and drawing back the curtains you look out on a brilliantly moonlit scene. Although you seem to be standing out of doors looking across the valley and although snow is whirling and drifting outside the room is comfortably warm. In a flower bed set in the floor near the curved window orchids and other tropical plants are blooming. You explain that there are hot-water pipes under the earth in the flower bed and that the two heavy sheets of transparent plastic in the window have dead-air space between them. This provides excellent insulation in both winter and summer and allows the proper amounts of ultraviolet and infrared rays to penetrate on sunny days.

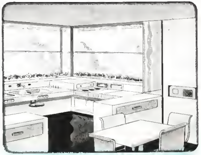


No More Dusting

AS FOR your home's temperature control it is entirely automatic from one year's end to the next. The combination heating, cooling and dust collecting unit is located in a sort of machine room in the centre of the home. The thermostat and humidity control units keep the house at exactly the same temperature and degree of humidity at all times. The same air ducts bring in warm air in winter and cool air in summer. The precipitron dust-collecting device which removes 90% of all dust in the air—even cigarette smoke—is something of a luxury but a great comfort to you because of your hay fever. Also it makes housecleaning fantastically easy for in time nearly all the air in the house passes and repasses through the precipitron. Curtains stay clean six and eight months at a time and cooking odors quickly disappear. (Back in 1943 this device was used in the rooms where bombsights were assembled, and in laboratories where blood plasma was extracted.)



Bathroom comes in one piece



Flowers grow all year round in the kitchen

By now your guests are ready for a snack so the ladies go off to inspect the kitchen—one of the few rooms in the house which cannot be stretched or shrunk. The other nonelastic rooms are the bathrooms. These rooms were cast in a factory as complete units with walls, ceilings, floors and fixtures all in one piece. Seamless and crackless they eliminate dirt and the possibility of infection.

The kitchen is not much larger than kitchens used to be as it is essentially a workshop. Its appliances and cabinets are arranged within easy reach of one person. Dishwashing and laundry units are incorporated into the building. Your refrigerator has a "quick-freeze" unit in which you can preserve game and fish, or any fruits you pick in summer. Most kitchen tools and work surfaces are of stainless steel which became much cheaper after the war. In a wall panel you have a battery of fast-drying electric lamps for laundry which must be done in wet weather.

This evening you have a big bowl of fruit for your guests, fresh tree-ripened oranges picked a few days before in California and shipped to your local market by air express. From Central and South America are other fruits—some of which have never been available before as they wouldn't stand the long sea voyage under earlier refrigeration.

Tomorrow's Newspaper

WHEN it is time for your guests to go to bed, you provide them with a spacious bedroom after a few more shiftings of walls. You are just about to say good night when you remember to turn on the facsimile newspaper printer which will quietly start printing your morning newspaper around 2 a.m. in a cabinet resembling your old 1943 radio. When you get up, some 16 pages of news and advertisements will be completed as a long strip about 10 inches wide. All you have to do is fold it into pages.

Next you set the electric-eye burglar alarm which starts a loud gong and notifies the police if an intruder crosses its path. Several such tiny beams surround your house.

Then you show off your new blanket-rolling device which all but eliminates the dullest of all household chores—bed making. Only the sheets and a cover are kept on the bed. Pillows go into a cabinet at the head while the blankets are spread on a series of rollers at the foot of the bed, similar to those used for window shades. Should it turn colder during the night you reach down and pull up an extra blanket which clicks to a stop just where you want it. In the morning blankets are quickly rolled back into place and beds made in a flash. For those who prefer there are electrically heated blankets one of which supplies as much heat as five ordinary ones. They automatically keep the sleeper at a constant preset temperature no matter how warm or cold the night.

Although your house looks little like the prefabricated house of the 1930's it is nevertheless a "prefab" as such houses have become known. The now vast industry of building demountable prefabs on factory assembly lines really got its start from the small homes built for warworkers in the early forties by Canadian and other manufacturers.

By now all new houses except the most expensive are prefabs. The idea of a prefabricated house as something picked from a catalogue and limited to style A, B or C is a thing of the past. There are still a few standard houses but more allowance has been made for personal tastes, architectural self-expression and the use of an oddly-shaped piece of land. Nevertheless your new house or rather its component elements, was prefabricated in a factory hundreds of miles away.

Homes In Sections

IT WAS inevitable that housing should follow other industries in accepting prefabrication. Small objects had been made on assembly lines for the past 30 years but the sensational success of the shipbuilding industry with prefabricated sections during the war had affected all ideas of construction. Size was no longer a determining factor. A house could just as logically be built in sections as a refrigerator or an automobile.

Before you ordered your new home the dealer gave you a boxful of miniature parts made to scale—an assortment of wall, floor, ceiling and roof panels and one-piece kitchens, bathrooms and clothes closets in a variety of sizes and materials. For weeks you and your wife "built" yourselves an endless variety of tiny houses of many shapes, sizes and materials. You arranged and rearranged the rooms, pulled out panels here, pushed them in there, added rooms and took them away, thinking only of how much you had to invest and what you wanted rather than of any predetermined arrangement in a catalogue.

When you reached a general idea of what you wanted the company's architects and engineers co-ordinated your plans and produced a symmetrical whole in which plumbing, heating and

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Light floods the dining room.

Living room walls can move.

DRAWINGS BY GORDON RAYNER

Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER

How Will Hitler Die?

H G Wells in an article "How to Dispose of Hitler and Co" in the May 1 issue of Maclean's advocated that at the war's end Hitler should be committed to an asylum for criminal lunatics. In this article Beverley Baxter presents another and more drastic alternative.

A Beverley Baxter M P

WITH THE coming of September this war will have lasted for four years. At the beginning of this year I wrote in one of these Letters that there was an extraordinary similarity to the situation in the last war when the year 1918, destined to see the end of it all, dawned upon the world.

Today the parallel has become even more striking. Let us put it into the measured and exact terms of the future historian.

"At the end of four years the Germans had lost the power of taking the offensive. The menace of the U-boats which had been so deadly a few months back had been countered by rigorous methods. In the air the Germans were outnumbered and outfought. Germany's only European ally of any account was impatient and longing for peace, a definite liability and a danger to the Prussian hopes. Discontent and despondency were sweeping Germany while the bombing of her cities grew in intensity. The giant strength of America, slow in developing, was increasing every day. The underground resistance in occupied countries was becoming more daring and demoralizing. The propaganda department of Germany alternated between gloom, defiance, exhortation and reproach while the Allies were denounced for making war on the civilian populace so as to bring about an internal collapse."

Of which war would the historian be writing? In almost equal measure the words could refer to September 1943 or September 1918. Substitute Austria for Italy, admit that the blockade was more potent last time and the bombing much greater in this, and the description could apply just as well to the first world war as to the one in which we are now engaged.

If we see the parallel so clearly there is no reason to suppose that the Germans are less observant. I was told by a man who had recently been in Germany and arrived here from Sweden that it is a criminal offense for anyone in Germany to speak of 1918. It is the unmentionable year but if it is not on their lips it is in everyone's mind. It is the ghost that walks each night and haunts alike the meek and the mighty.

"At all costs we must never again fight a war on two fronts."

That was Hitler's dictum and today he is defending a 1 500 mile front in Russia, a 1 000 mile coastline in western Europe, the entire Mediterranean area and the Balkans.

"If there is a war between Britain and Germany the Luftwaffe will not leave a town or city standing in Britain."

Thus spoke Hitler to M. Gafencu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, in the spring of 1939. Today the district of the Ruhr is one vast ruin and graveyard.

"We have a secret weapon which cannot be countered by the British."

Hitler launched the magnetic mine in November 1939. I spent that wild rain swept week end at a house on the coast with Kermit Roosevelt and one could almost sense the horror of the angry, mud-colored waves as the Simon Bolivar and many other gallant ships went to their doom. And in less than a week the British had mastered the weapon for which there was supposed to be no answer.

"Those who will not co-operate with us in occupied countries will be crushed without mercy."

That was Goering's warning to Holland, Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia. And today it is the German conquerors who are besieged by the people who surround them like the fog which envelops the very soul and mocks the impotence of those who strike at it.

"The British are degenerate and have lost the will to fight."

Thus Ribbentrop, in his role of Iago, whispered temptation to his master.

"We can break up the British Empire with propaganda. We will not need to conquer it."

That was Doctor Goebbels' contribution to the witches' cauldron.

"We have not come here to hold the desert against the British. We are about to take Egypt! The British are finished."

Rommel gets the credit for that. Hitler embraced him and made him a Field Marshal. Von Paulus of Stalingrad was similarly honored a year later.

"Organized Russian resistance is at an end. The Soviet Army has become a rabble, the retreat has become a rout."

That was issued from Hitler's Headquarters in November 1941.

"Not one British bomber will be able to reach Germany."

That was Goering's best effort.
Shall we add one more?

"The Mediterranean is now an Italian lake. The British have been driven from it for ever."

It was the fallen sawdust Caesar in Rome who thought of that one.

I have quoted these familiar pronouncements because if we are to understand the psychology of Hitler and the German people at this fateful hour we must know the nature of the drugs which drove them to such madness. In his sane moments, if any still exist, Hitler must cry "Fool! Fool! Fool!" and weep hot tears of self-reproach and passionate frustration.

Do you remember that news picture of him that swept the world when he danced before his Generals on what he pretended was the soil of France? Never was any drunkard so moved to unrestrained

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

BY THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

THE Quebec Conference came at just the right time for the Mackenzie King Government as the domestic political situation had begun to turn sour from a Liberal point of view. When the Ontario election returns came in on Aug 4 Mr King was already engrossed in preparations for the Allied Conference which was opening Aug 10. When the four federal by-elections were reported Aug 9 he was already in Quebec like the nervous hostess straightening the chairs for the tenth time before the front doorbell rings. He was too absorbed in conference details to offer comment on the election results.

His final word to political lieutenants, as Ottawa understood the Liberal position, was—no compromise. Let Col Drew form his government, they said on Parliament Hill, and let him obtain Liberal support on the same terms as he seeks CCF support if he needs it, by making his administration pleasing to the hearts of the voters. In that way Col Drew could avoid trouble if he were skilful enough. He could remain for a full term by preventing all his opposition from uniting against him on a crucial issue. Meanwhile, said the Liberals, let us see what the future and the CCF will bring in other parts of Canada.

* * *

Doffing the robes of politics and donning the accoutrements of world statesmanship Mr King was doing somewhat better. As leader of a key member of the United Nations he was taking Canada into the big league for the first time. For a comparatively new world power Canada picked off a choice first assignment—host to the greatest military and political planning conference of the war. It was quick fulfillment of the principle Mr King laid down in the dying moments of the late parliamentary session when he said that the problems of war and peace should not be disposed of exclusively by the large nations. Whether or not Mr King had previously bid for a world-shaping conference in Canada, the call came suddenly. Four days' notice was allowed hotel and civil officials in Quebec to lay plans for dismissing a lucrative tourist trade. The Canadian Government had a few days longer in which to round up its chiefs of staff, its military experts, its major domos and its corps of press followers. Col Ralston arrived back from England suddenly, called home in the middle of a conference with General McNaughton.

—Cartoon by Grassick

Good medicine for a political upset . . .

Performs Housing Miracles

CANADA'S conference arranger-de-luxe is Dr E H "Ephie" Coleman undersecretary of state. He performed housing miracles in Quebec. Personnel at the Quebec Conference numbered more than 1,000 at times, of whom 400 were military experts. An American spokesman described them as "the pick-and-shovel workers" of the conference. The rest were clerical and security staffs. The British party numbered nearly 400, though originally accommodation for only 200 was asked. The American party equalled the British.

Dr Coleman's toughest housing problem came when the Governor-General and Princess Alice arrived in their special train to be host and hostess at a state dinner in the Citadel. Already installed were Prime Minister and Mrs Churchill and Lieutenant Mary Churchill and Prime Minister King. A suite had been reserved for President Roosevelt who was arriving later in the day. There was no room in the Citadel even for the rightful occupant, the Earl of Athlone himself. What does the tactful housekeeper do when more guests arrive than the house can hold? The Governor-General and Princess Alice solved Dr Coleman's dilemma by remaining overnight in their viceregal train on a railway spur. No one complains now, as Members of Parliament did at the time, about Lady Willingdon's foresight and "extravagance" in making the Citadel habitable.

* * *

If Russia and China, not to mention other member-states of the United Nations, had been invited and accepted Dr Coleman's task would have become impossible. The Russians said: "The Soviet Government did not receive an invitation to be present at the meeting, and because of the character of the conference the participation of any one representative of the Soviet Government at the meeting in Quebec was not and is not suggested." This meant to Canadian officials that Russia was not coming to the conference with half a dozen experts because right now they need their military experts at home. So Dr Coleman was entitled to heave a sigh of relief.

But some day the Russians and the Chinese and all the other United Nations will be gathered in conference. That day may be closer than we think. Then, not 1 000 but 5 000 persons will have to be provided for. This is the estimate made by Canadian observers with an eye to future prospects in the world conference business for Canada.

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Cross Country

Trans-Canada survey shows Quebec and Ontario leading in black market convictions . . . and gasoline and liquor the leaders

CANADA has its black markets. A Dominion-wide survey shows that not one province is free from citizens willing to beat the law as laid down by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

But when viewed on a nationwide basis, black market activities appear neither as well organized nor as numerous as reports might indicate. Operators are finding the going tough and the profits none too attractive, but when lumped together the illegal trafficking in Canada runs into millions of dollars—a discomforting thought in a nation at war.

Quebec and Ontario appear to have given the most black market trouble, with British Columbia next in line. Few black market dealings have been reported from the Maritimes and only a small number of "borderline" cases have been uncovered in Manitoba. Saskatchewan and Alberta report only sporadic black market activity.

Next to gasoline, tires and liquor head the list in the nation's black market activities. Reports on meat disclose that there is a varying illegal traffic in that commodity too, though it has not reached the proportions many feared in the early days of meat rationing.

British Columbia

FOLLOWING considerable black market activity in such lines as gasoline, meat, butter, tea, coffee and sugar during the first five months of 1943, illegal trafficking on the West Coast has dwindled in most lines except liquor. In that line, however, top prices are being demanded and paid. A recent increase sent the black market price of a 26-oz. bottle of Scotch from $14 to $20. Such prices are taken to mean that the illegal supply of liquor is running low despite the cleaning out of two Fraser Valley liquor stores by bandits and the recent theft of a rail shipment of liquor. Some liquor permit racketeering has been uncovered and one man was arrested with more than a score of permits which he was trying to peddle.

The chief sign of a constant black market in gasoline is the theft of coupon books. The thefts have averaged about half a dozen books daily during the past few weeks—a far cry from the record thefts of April and May when up to 10,000 gas coupons were stolen. A considerable quantity of marked gasoline intended for the commercial fishing boats or craft of the yachtsmen's reserve is thought to be finding its way into the black market.

The stolen tire business has attracted a large number of teen-aged boys and tire thefts go on continuously. The Vancouver police have stated that the traffic in stolen goods is related to the black market in the sense that operators are conducting thefts on an "order-filling" basis. This applies to such commodities as butter, tea, sugar, tires and auto parts. The market operators first line up their customers and then steal the lines on order.

A survey of existing black market prices shows new tires selling as high as $50; gasoline at 50 cents a gallon, tea, coffee and butter at a dollar a pound and sugar at $10 for 100 pounds.

Prairie Provinces

ALBERTA officials of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board think this western province is fairly free of black market trading. It was expected that if black markets did open for business in Alberta on a substantial scale they would deal chiefly in meat. Consequently precautions have been taken to prevent such dealings.

Recently the Western Canada Stock Growers' Association announced an increase in cattle thefts and black market operators were suspected. The WPTB and RCMP at all points were told to be on the lookout for stolen beef. No slaughterhouses are permitted to accept livestock without a Government permit. No wholesale or retail butcher is allowed to accept beef unless it bears the WPTB stamp. Farmers cannot transport cattle for slaughter for home consumption unless they obtain permits.

—Montreal Standard Photo

RCMP padlock Montreal service station.

To date not a single carcass or even part of a carcass has been found illegally handled, indicating that if any black market in beef existed it must be small.

At one time Edmonton had a cigarette problem on its hands but police, aided by the FBI in Washington cleaned it up quickly.

American soldiers and civilians stationed in the Edmonton area began giving Canadian friends American brand cigarettes. Under Government concessions, Americans were allowed to bring in their own brand of smokes duty-free and when an increasing number of Canadians were noticed

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PAST MASTER

Jennifer was an expert on medical subjects . . . but she was only an amateur when it came to diagnosing the symptoms of love

By ELIZABETH MATHER YOUNG

JENNIFER closed the notebook and slipped it into her purse

"May I send you the article when it's done?" she asked the round-faced little man sitting across the desk from her "Since most of the experiments were conducted here in your laboratories, I'd like you to pass on it before I send it out"

Joseph Story was close to 60 and looked like a plump cherub when he smiled

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," he assured her warmly He had decided long ago that one of the pleasanter aspects of being president of Bennett Robb, pharmacists, was his association with Jennifer Tallant "But I know from experience that it will be entirely satisfactory" He passed a hand over his shining bald head "I wish all writers on medical subjects would check their facts as carefully as you do"

From out of the past Jennifer heard a furious young voice saying "It would be bad enough if you knew what you're talking about I forbid you to write another word of this tripe, Jennifer absolutely forbid it Do you understand?" Now, after eight years, she was absurdly grateful to Joseph Story for, unwittingly applying balm to this old wound

She stood up, pulling on her gloves. "I'm afraid my diligence has put you behind schedule today"

Story spoke into a walnut-finished box on his desk "You may send in the next appointment Miss White"

He joined Jennifer and put a fatherly hand on her arm "I wish you'd do me a favor, Jennifer I wish you'd give a little thought to the annual party"

Jennifer's hands, busy with her snood, halted in mid-air Her green eyes widened in surprise.

"What is there to think about the party except that it has always been a huge success? You've said yourself that its promotional value is tremendous."

"I know, I know" Story's pink forehead creased with perplexity "But don't forget that times have changed, my dear Is it right when the country is at war when half the world is facing starvation, for Bennett Robb to spend thousands of dollars on a party for the sake of publicity?"

Jennifer's slender brows drew together in a slight frown "If you skip the party, though, and forfeit some of the large orders it always brings, can the company continue its donations of drugs and medical supplies for war relief?"

"Depends on how many orders we would lose That's why I want your opinion You spend a lot of time around hospitals and with medical men. Do you think—"

He broke off abruptly, his round face beaming "Come in, come in, Dr Nichols."

JENNIFER turned and her fingers tightened on her black purse She had always known that it would happen some day somewhere The amazing thing was that it hadn't happened before when so much of her time was spent in medical circles And yet, seeing him there in the doorway, she was totally unprepared In the moment that it took him to cross the office she felt nothing at all

He smiled and said, "Hello, Jen"

At the sound of his voice, cool and unruffled, emotion suddenly caught up with perception Jennifer was torn between anger and amusement He hasn't changed, she thought He can't be any more prepared for this than I am but he's going to take it in his stride, play it down to avoid a scene in public

She shaped her lips into a polite smile, kept her own voice carefully casual

"Steve, how nice to see you!"

Story looked at them, still beaming "Well!" he said "Well, well! So you two know each other!"

"Yes, indeed," Steve replied, "We used to be married, once upon a time"

Jennifer hastily revised her estimate of him He had changed Eight years ago his ultraconservatism would not have permitted him to make so revealing a statement about his private life.

"Well" exclaimed Story, "Well, well!"

Steve turned to Jennifer "Why don't you wait for me outside? This will take only a few minutes and then we can have lunch together"

She had a quick vision of the two of them smiling politely, endlessly at each other across a table, painfully building a stiff framework of conversation around the gap that separated their lives.

"Thanks," she said, "but I have to rush right along I'm supposed to be at a meeting at two"

"Can't you skip it? Or would you rather not?"

Their eyes met and his held a challenge.

"I can skip it," she said

Out in the reception room she flipped the pages of a magazine angrily A few minutes ago she had been Jennifer Tallant, successful writer, poised, capable, utterly self-sufficient Now she was merely Steve Nichols' ex-wife holding down a chair in a reception room because he had said certain words and had looked at her in a certain way

The situation was absurd and infuriating It was reminiscent of that turbulent year of their marriage when she was clerking in a department store and Steve was serving his internship at Women's Memorial In those days she was continually changing her plans her activities, even her appearance, to suit Steve, because Steve had definite ideas about doctors' wives, ideas that she had learned nothing about in the six whirlwind months preceding their marriage

He had been devastatingly clear about them afterwards though. Doctors' wives shouldn't be seen in certain places They must appear without fail at others If they were unfortunate enough to have flaming red hair they must at least wear it in a conservative fashion instead of letting it hang unsubdued to the shoulders And most particularly, they must never do or say anything that might conceivably call attention to themselves or to their husbands because publicity is anathema to any self-respecting professional man As a medical student Steve hadn't worried much about the dignity of his profession, but as an intern he seemed determined to uphold it single-handed

Jennifer tried hard She loved Steve more than she loved exotic clothes, more than she disliked hospital teas and the sight of herself with her hair drawn back into a neat bun at the nape of her neck She loved him enough to change her habits and smother her impulses and desires until she was a stranger to herself

They had been married a little more than a year when she sold an article to a popular health magazine It was a short piece on the common cold, written in a humorous vein When she showed it to Steve he blew up He called it sensational He raged at the thought that people might accuse him of seeking publicity through his wife He told her she was a menace to the public. "It would be bad enough if you knew what you're talking about," he wound up. "I forbid you to write another word of this tripe, Jennifer, absolutely forbid it! Do you understand?"

It was this final barb that pierced the strained fabric of Jennifer's self-control and tore it to shreds She turned on him like a wild thing giving free rein to the thoughts and emotions that had been seething inside of her for what seemed now to have been an eternity.

"I should have known," she cried "You criticize everything I do and say I should have known you'd criticize my writing too You and your professional dignity! I don't know where you got your ideas but I know I'm sick of trying to live by them I thought I was marrying a man not a—a stuffed shirt"

Steve's mouth was a thin, hard line and his eyes were cold

"Evidently we both made a mistake I thought I was marrying a girl who would be proud to be a doctor's wife not a blatant little exhibitionist"

That was how it started It ended with a divorce Jennifer took a room in a girls' club and spent her evenings writing It wasn't until she heard indirectly that Steve had accepted a residency in a distant city that she realized the finality of what they had done She didn't write that night She lay face down on the narrow little bed and wept bitterly

Jennifer tossed the magazine aside impatiently. Incredible that she had once been so young, so completely the prey of her emotions

Hearing footsteps she glanced up and saw Steve walking toward her, looking very familiar and yet somehow, totally strange His long easy stride was the same and so were his features But his face had the leanness of maturity now and there was a surprising amount of grey at his temples for a man of 34

"All set?" he asked smiling down at her Without thinking she supplied the other half of the old formula

"And raring to go"

"I was afraid you'd change your mind and leave," he told her as they waited for an elevator

"I almost did," she acknowledged honestly and was glad that he didn't ask why she had waited, She wasn't sure herself

She wasn't sure until they were sitting with only a small table between them and she felt Steve's eyes upon her frankly curious Then she knew For eight years she had been unconsciously grooming herself for this meeting She had worked hard for success. She had labored to change herself from the impetuous, unsophisticated young girl he had called a blatant little exhibitionist into a poised, immaculately groomed woman Now he must eat his words—if he remembered them

But Steve showed no inclination to burrow into the past

"It's wonderful to see you again, Jen But what in heaven's name were you doing up in Story's office?" He grinned "Don't tell me you're a pill peddler these days?"

"No, a pencil pusher" She paused for a fraction of a second. "I write medical articles for a living"

She watched his face for some sign of amusement or scepticism

"Good enough!" he exclaimed surprisingly "Don't believe I've run across any of your stuff, though Do you use your own name?"

Here it was at last the opportunity to even up an old score to make Steve eat humble pie Jennifer lowered her eyes modestly

"No I decided it didn't sound important enough so I adopted a professional name—Mary Tharpe"

His reaction was gratifying "Mary Tharpe! Well, I should say I do know your stuff My patients see to that. When they aren't clipping it they're quoting it."

HE CONGRATULATED her on her success. He commended her for doing a fine job of educating the public in preventive medicine Instead of savoring his praise Jennifer suddenly found herself wondering what he had been doing while she was struggling to make a career for herself So much could

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Seeing him there in the doorway Jennifer was totally unprepared but he simply smiled and then said "Hello Jen"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD ELDRIDGE

Mail in Miniature

By JAMES MONTAGNES

Photos by [illegible]

Sorting Airgraphs . . . sometimes more than 10,000 a day

The boys overseas want their mail in a hurry . . . and here's how 80,000 letters a week get across in record time

A THREE-OUNCE roll of film [illegible] itself the last [illegible] Among [illegible] soldiering [illegible] that mail from home is the quickest pick-up in the Army and when it is not [illegible] timely the troops [illegible] parade [illegible] And [illegible] airgraph mail is doing for [illegible] fighting men.

There was a time not [illegible] when corresponding with a soldier [illegible] holding a long-distance telephone [illegible] with a person hard of hearing. [illegible] answer and sometimes you didn't. [illegible] England found it took three weeks [illegible] three weeks to reach home and another three weeks for the reply to return. By the time the soldier had received an answer he had forgotten what he had written in the first place. It was like shouting at a cliff and waiting six weeks for the echo.

Airmail had always been available to our troops but the shilling stamp precluded any general rush by privates to avail themselves of the service. Then, too, there was the problem of shipping space in ocean-borne mail. Guns and tanks had a priority over all but official mail. There simply wasn't enough space for all the mail that was piling up in Canada and Great Britain.

Actual size of negative.

In their search for a way out of the problem postal authorities in Great Britain found a machine which banks, financial institutions and libraries were using to keep records of valuable documents and books. A photographic method had been developed which made it possible to place entire books on a small roll of film. Records of important financial transactions were photographed on film similar to that used in home moving-picture machines. From the film an enlargement of the record could be obtained by projecting the film on a screen or by printing a photograph of any particular section of the film.

Tests showed that many letters could be photographed on a small film and printed on sensitized photographic paper for mailing to the addressee. Here was the solution the postal authorities agreed, and so the British and Canadian Airgraph and the American V Mail systems began.

The airgraph is a space saver. A roll of film, 3¾ in. in diameter and ⅝ in. wide, holds 1,600 letters. With spool and carton it weighs just four ounces. Without spool and carton it weighs three ounces. The 1,600 one-page letters photographed on that film weigh 16 pounds 11¼ ounces. It is possible to ship 107,200 letters by film in the same space that would be occupied by 1,600 unphotographed letters!

If you want to send an airgraph overseas to some relative or friend in the armed services you obtain an airgraph form from any of Canada's 12,000 post offices. You read the directions carefully and find that you write only on one side and that the address is carried in bold letters at the top. You must write clearly in ink, the darker the ink the clearer it will appear to the recipient. When you have written the letter you place postage on the reverse side and hand it to the postmaster.

To Issue New Type

HANDING an open letter to a stranger or someone you know has irked many an airgraph user. To overcome this lack of privacy the post office is shortly to issue a new type airgraph sheet which folds into a sealed envelope. This form will have an address outside as well as inside and can be mailed from the nearest letter box like an ordinary letter. It can be sent to most parts of the world at a cost of six cents to men and women in uniform and 15 cents to civilians. Airgraphs to Australia and New Zealand cannot be sent at present as these two countries have not completed arrangements for printing the messages upon arrival.

You have handed in your airgraph. The postmaster places it in a special large brown envelope

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GORDON DUSTAN'S TWENTIETH QUIZ

How's your memory? Get the family together and see who knows the answers to these 30 brain teasers

HERE'S a game for the whole family, good for a rainy day or night. There is only one rule: you mustn't peek at the answers. Score two for each question you can answer. If your score is more than 80 you may call yourself a bit of a genius; 60 or over you're still pretty smart; less than that . . . oh well, you're probably a little tired or something.

1. What is the nationality of these news agencies:
   - (a) Stefani?
   - (b) D. N. B.?
   - (c) Domei?
   - (d) Reuters?
   - (e) Tass?
2. You should know where these places are, but can you locate their less well known namesakes:
   - (a) New Brunswick?
   - (b) Portland?
   - (c) Boston?
   - (d) Paris?
   - (e) Halifax?
3. In what circumstances did these men meet their deaths:
   - (a) Colonel General Werner von Fritsch?
   - (b) Marshal Italo Balbo?
   - (c) Premier Teleki of Hungary?
   - (d) Capt. Hans Langsdorff?
   - (e) Admiral Jean François Darlan?
4. Supply the line that follows:
   - (a) I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
   - (b) Breathes there a man, with soul so dead?
   - (c) I shot an arrow in the air
   - (d) If ye break faith with us who die
   - (e) O, say, does that star spangled banner still wave?
5. Give the nationality of these aircraft types:
   - (a) Sunderland?
   - (b) Zero?
   - (c) Savoia?
   - (d) Dornier?
   - (e) Boeing?
6. What do you do if you are a:
   - (a) Biographer?
   - (b) Cartographer?
   - (c) Lexicographer?
   - (d) Choregrapher?
   - (e) Lithographer?
7. War produces countless heroes, most of them unknown and unsung. Here are five who have caught public attention. Identify:
   - (a) Capt. E. S. Fogarty-Fegen, V.C.
   - (b) Stefan Starzynski
   - (c) Capt. Colin Kelly
   - (d) Lieut. Robert Davies, G.C.
   - (e) Paul Colette.
8. What do you call the young of the following:
   - (a) Swan?
   - (b) Hare?
   - (c) Goat?
   - (d) Goose?
   - (e) Frog?

Additional questions on page 29

Montreal's Morgan-Powell

By THELMA LECOCQ

Critic, editor and actor's haven; he explodes—and writes poetry; has memories enough to last a lifetime

S. MORGAN-POWELL is one of the *few* newspapermen left in Canada—probably on the continent — whom movie-goers would recognize as the real thing. Something between a legend and an oracle he overfills the editorial chair of the Montreal Star like a large pink Buddha with his hands folded over his well-cushioned front.

Even if he had never written a line worth printing Morgan-Powell would be a personage. He is a man about whom countless stories are told—fabulous stories about his tremendous strength, his strange oaths, his gargantuan convivialilty and a generosity that kept him halfway up the hill to the poorhouse till he reached his sixties. Most of these stories he describes as "entirely disrespectful, slanderous and blasphemous." The only ones he takes the trouble to deny are those concerning his generosity. The rest, true or false, he accepts as part of the Morgan-Powell legend.

His position is an august one—editor of the Montreal Star. Although he has held the title for four years there are people, even in Montreal, who do not know that he's the editor. This bothers Morgan-Powell only momentarily. The reason he doesn't mind too much is that his fame is as a critic—rather than an editor—and is nearer 40 than four years' standing. For more than a generation artists and their managers would turn handsprings to obtain a favorable literary or dramatic review from Morgan-Powell. They knew it was Critic Morgan-Powell who decided whether Montreal would put on its best clothes and go to a theatre or whether it would sit at home with a good book.

His life is still books and the theatre. "Reading has always been my chief pleasure and recreation," he says. From the theatre he has drawn his memories. "I have met most of the theatrical people since Henry Irving's time," he recalls. In his editor's office—an ancient shabby office in the old newspaper tradition—war maps are interspersed with photographs of actors; copies of Hansard are heaped beside books of poetry. On the wall opposite him is a large framed portrait of Sir Martin Harvey as Richard the Third. Over his right shoulder is a picture of C. Aubrey Smith and Morgan-Powell's favorite photograph of himself, taken with Norma Shearer. Closer to hand are his books, clippings and heaps of newspapers. These are piled a foot and a half deep—like a parapet—along the outside edges of his aged desk. Behind this barricade sits Editor Morgan-Powell, leaning well back in his swivel chair so that only his head and crooked bow tie are visible from the other side.

At one time his hair probably had a ginger tinge. Now the hair is gone from the top, is greyed and thinning at the back, and the red shows only at the centre of his short-clipped mustache. His age might be anybody's guess. He looks 60, is rumored to be 74 and prefers not to discuss the matter. Above the deep folds of his chin is a bright plump face with a small full mouth. His nose, which gives him a noble profile, is what novelists call "buttonlike" from the front. His eyes are small and blue, topped by a pair of surprised eyebrows and a deep forehead that wrinkles in the same arched curves.

Because of his sloping shoulders one doesn't realize till Morgan-Powell stands up that he is a large man—five feet 11 inches and well over 200 pounds. His friends say that at one time he was a very powerful man. Rumor has it that he once swam eight miles as a method of resting up after a full day. Another rumor is that in a fit of temper he picked up an old double keyboard typewriter with his little finger and threw it on the floor.

Today, say some, he appears to be the laziest man in creation, never gets up from his chair except when courtesy or a fit of fury lifts him out of it. Others say appearances are deceptive, that he still has an amazing amount of energy, but controls it more than in his younger days. His courtesy, particularly to a woman, and more

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Right: S. Morgan-Powell at his desk at the Montreal Star.

Comfort in the Clouds

By IAN SCLANDERS

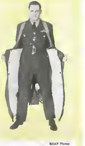
It's a suit that would make a Bond Street tailor shudder . . . but fashion goes by the board at 30,000 feet

ON A sweltering summer day you are never less than six miles away from the coldest weather you have ever felt. No matter where you live, 30,000 feet above you temperatures are below zero. That's why in a bombing plane at operational levels the cold that screams through gun slots has so paralyzed fliers that some couldn't fire their guns or release bombs.

It won't any more—not our fliers. The reason it won't is a modern flying suit which is the latest thing in fighting togs for Canada's airmen.

The Type-E Flying Suit—to give it the official designation—is fashioned to fit while you are sitting rather than when you are standing. The knees bag as no knees ever bagged before. So do the elbows. So does the seat. It's a two-piece affair—jacket and pants—and it has zippers all the way up both legs and from the bottom of the jacket to the neck. They make it easy to get into—and out of in two seconds flat.

The outer fabric is fine blue twill. The inner lining which the twill covers is thick enough that the wearer resembles an overstuffed sausage. Nobody denies that Type-E would make a Bond Street tailor shudder.



RCAF Photos

Above: The Type-E Flying Suit open.
Left Below: Exterior view of the suit.

A Canadian development, it was conceived in the laboratories of the National Research Council, the Banting Institute and half a dozen other research institutes and universities. Before it took final shape the RCAF sent a questionnaire to 4,000 airmen, asking them to suggest how flying suits could be improved.

Seventy per cent wanted a two-piece suit instead of the one-piece garment that had been standard. The scientists doubted whether two pieces would have any advantages over one but that's what the lads asked for so that's what they got. However, thumbs were turned down on requests for fur collars. Too much chance of neck burns if a plane caught fire.

Navigators need sharp pencils for plotting courses and they complained they had trouble with the points breaking in their pockets. So Type-E has a pencil pocket equipped with point protector sewn on the left sleeve. Many an airman said his hands got cold when he took his gloves off to reach in an inside pocket for his watch. Type-E has an outside watch pocket on the chest. Even the straps for positioning of the parachute harness on the shoulders are scientifically designed. Should the fastener on the strap become jammed the sewing thread which holds it together easily breaks free.

But the heavy brainwork didn't all go into small details. It went into fabrics and the new idea of clothing which fits when you are sitting instead of standing.

The late Sir Frederick Banting saw the war coming and realized it would mean fighting in the air at altitudes at which temperatures of 70 deg. below zero had been recorded inside military aircraft. He persuaded associates at Banting Institute to pioneer in the study of protective clothing for airmen. To facilitate this work a cold

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especially they say to a good looking woman, has an air of the green room and dressing room about it. This isn't surprising from a man who held Duse's hand.

Explosive Temper

EVEN more than for his gallantry Morgan-Powell is famous for his temper. When angered his favorite trick used to be to take off his glasses and fling them at the wall. The fact that the glasses never broke is regarded by most people as part of the Powell magic. "You know as well as I do," Morgan-Powell smiles at this, "that you can't break horn rims."

After he had thrown the glasses Morgan-Powell used to sit down to an unfaltering 10 minutes of unrepetitious explosive utterances. It is said the only man who ever added anything to his expletives came to the Star from a North Sea freighter. Instead of firing him Powell took him out and bought him a drink.

Morgan-Powell in print is something else again. His writing is a rare combination of modern clarity and directness with an almost Victorian elegance and richness of vocabulary. Phrases such as "the beauty-laden hour," "the encumbrance of the flesh" and "the thin, impalpable mists" stream from his typewriter ribbon. But Morgan-Powell is no mere writer of purple patches. He's never been afraid to rip Canadians up the back for failing to appreciate their own country and the artists it produced.

As an editor his writings are simple rather than profound, interpretative rather than partisan. In this Morgan-Powell reflects the policy of his paper which is to steer a middle course. Morgan-Powell's qualifications for the position are his background as news editor in which capacity he joined the paper in 1908 and his years as associate editor to the late Dr. A. R. Carman whom he succeeded. It is a help, too, that he is thoroughly familiar with the bilingual complexities of Montreal, believes in keeping up to date on the news and to quote himself, "endeavors to maintain a policy as consistent as possible in this most inconsistent of all possible worlds."

Having a tremendous capacity for work Editor Morgan-Powell continues as literary and dramatic editor though most of the drama is now handled by his assistant.

Morgan-Powell has several books to his credit. One, "Memories That Live," is a collection of prose pieces published in 1929 and winner of the $600 Derby prize. "A sum not to be sneezed at," he says.

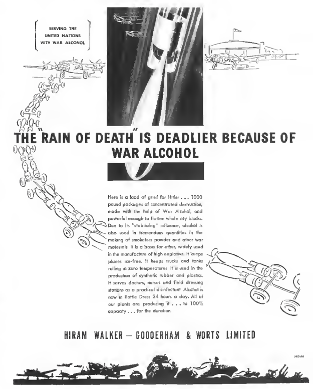
The other books are poetry—a poetry so full of youth and freshness and lustrous words that, but for its excellent craftsmanship, one would think of the writer as perpetually 21. These books are the inch of cream from the top of a terrific daily flow of words that has been coming from Morgan-Powell for close on 60 years. He is probably the most prolific writer in Canada. "Since I joined the staff of the Star in 1908," he says, "I have written all criticisms on art, literature, the theatre and the movies."

The review which people like to ascribe to him is one which dates back 30 years when he is supposed to have dismissed a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with the brief comment that "the hounds were poorly supported."

"Real Cockney"

DURING the last war Morgan-Powell was news editor of The Star and in 1940, after Dr. Carman's death, he was made editor. "I write with consummate ease," he says, "and never make more than two or three changes in a column." Of late years he has dictated all his writings. "Now," he says, "I only write to sign cheques." Criticisms of Critic Morgan-Powell are rarely on his style of writing but frequently on his views. He is said to load the dice in favor of English writers and actors against those of the United States. Because of his

Continued on page 30



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Past Master

Continued from page 17—Starts on page 16

happen to a person in eight years.

"I was just thinking how incongruous it is," she told him. "I know the brand of toothpaste you use and how you like your steak fried but I don't know where you're living now, or if you're married, or—"

She left the sentence hanging there, dismayed to find that the thought of a second Mrs. Nichols was extremely distasteful.

Steve's mouth twitched with amusement. "Your sudden interest after all these years is gratifying."

"Well, at least it's conversation," she replied in an offhand manner lest he see how interested she actually was.

"But not very exciting. I've been living in Torrance for the past five years. We have a group clinic there—take care of the aircraft workers and their families. As for marrying again—" He smiled wryly. "I've felt no desire to repeat an unsuccessful experiment."

"Neither have I," she confessed.

They sat in silence for a moment and Jennifer wondered how much he remembered of their marriage, whether time had dimmed the memory of that year or preserved it in the brine of bitterness.

In answer to her thoughts he said, "You've changed, Jen." His blue eyes appraised her. "I like the way you've got your hair fixed."

Jennifer's vivid hair hung to her shoulders. But instead of gloating over Steve's comment she felt pleased. "You've changed, too," she conceded generously and then stopped because it would be a left-handed compliment to tell him that he had lost the aura of self righteousness, the exaggerated air of dignity that had enveloped him as an intern.

Whether the contingencies of practice or merely the years had wrought the improvement she didn't know but he was less of a prig now—more of a human being. Much more, she thought, and wondered why it should make any difference to her now.

"Looking back I guess I must have been a pompous young cuss," Steve remarked thoughtfully. "Interns are pretty full of their own importance for a while but I guess I was worse than most."

"You certainly were," Jennifer assured him without hesitation. "On the other hand—I was no bargain either. When I think of some of the outfits I used to wear!"

"Terrible," he agreed.

They smiled at each other in complete accord. It was as if they were discussing two other people instead of the boy and girl they used to be.

"Of course we were awfully young," conceded Jennifer. "And we got married before we really knew anything about each other except that—"

"Except that we were terribly in love," Steve finished quietly.

SOMETHING in his voice, in the way he was looking at her, made her heart race. She put down the cup she was holding to hide the sudden trembling of her hand. But that's all over, she thought a little wildly, shocked to discover how stirred she was.

"Yes," she agreed, because he seemed to be waiting for her to say something. "We were, weren't we—in the beginning?"

Steve's eyes veered away from her. When he spoke his voice was friendly but impersonal. "I'm going to be in town for a few more days. How about having dinner with me tomorrow? Since our paths have finally crossed we may as well be civilized about it, like in books."

"We may as well," she said lightly.

As they left the restaurant she was startlingly aware of his hand on her elbow. She could still feel it there after they had parted to go their separate ways.

In her apartment Jennifer thought about the luncheon as she changed from street clothes into slacks. It certainly hadn't been the grim ordeal she had expected. Steve—well, Steve had improved. Looking around the small perfectly appointed bedroom she wondered what her life would have been if she had stayed with him. She tried to imagine life in a little industrial town and found she couldn't because she didn't know anything about little industrial towns.

She took the black notebook from her purse and carried it out to the typewriter desk. Rolling a sheet of paper into her portable Jennifer carefully typed page one in the upper right hand corner and then sat staring at the blank surface. Only it wasn't a piece of paper after all. It was Steve's face smiling at her. She could hear him saying, "We were terribly in love," with that odd note in his voice and she could feel his hand on her elbow.

She tried to concentrate on the notes she had taken during the interview with Mr. Story and found herself wondering if Steve had really meant what he said about her hair. She made a memo to call her hairdresser for an appointment early the next morning. She wondered where Steve would take her for dinner.

Jennifer twisted impatiently in her chair. "Steve, Steve, Steve!" she mocked aloud. "Can't you put your mind on anything else? You'd think you were in love with him, or something."

The moment she said it, she knew it was true. She had never stopped loving him, really. Ever since the divorce she had had but one goal—to make herself into a woman that Steve Nichols would be forced to admire, not in revenge as she had pretended to herself but because she still loved him.

Jennifer covered her burning cheeks with her hands. Now that she had admitted the truth it seemed unbelievable that she could have kept it from herself for so long, that she could have gone on year after year without seeing him, without even knowing where he was.

Continued on page 84

TIRED and tearful children have just returned from school and play. Tired from excessive exercise and worried over a bad spelling lesson. Life seems dark, but the sunshine of a smile returns. Mother has just produced a box of GANONG'S (G B) CHOCOLATES. Restored faith in the world. Tired feeling gone.

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Continued from page 22

She jumped up and began to pace the floor restlessly. "All right, so you're still in love with the man," she conceded. "That's fine, that's wonderful. But don't forget that as far as he's concerned you're poison ivy, an unsuccessful experiment, the woman who turned him against women. Typhoid Mary would stand a better chance than you."

Having read herself a lecture she proceeded to lay plans. Steve had fallen in love with her once. It wasn't inconceivable that he should do so again. The important thing was to make him realize how much she had changed, how completely she had shed the habits that had antagonized him in the past. She would make a better wife now, just as he would make a better husband. The differences over which they had quarrelled and separated no longer existed.

BY ELEVEN O'CLOCK the next morning Jennifer was sitting under a dryer at Madame Sylvia's, recovering from the rigors of a Victory Shampoo. Touching her scalp gingerly she wondered where the victory was supposed to lie—with the operator who administered the shampoo or with the patron who survived it. At any rate, it would have been less painful to have had the regular wash and invested the extra 50 cents in war stamps.

Jennifer was never sure afterward whether the credit should be given to the stimulating effect of the Victory Shampoo or to her thought of war stamps but suddenly she had an inspiration about the Bennett Robb party.

She took a bus across town to Bennett Robb's and found Story eating a substantial lunch at his desk, a napkin tucked into his collar. He removed the napkin hastily when he saw Jennifer.

"Please don't get up," she begged. "I'm sorry to come barging in like this, but as I told your secretary, it's important. I think I've found a solution to your party problems."

"Fine," he said. "Splendid. Have a cookie. I really shouldn't eat them—too fat as it is."

"Thanks." Jennifer took one bite and then forgot about it in the enthusiasm of outlining her plan for a Bennett Robb Victory Party, instead of the usual open house.

"Victory will be the theme," she explained. "Victory over disease as a step toward victory over the Axis. The displays will be built around it, designed to show the importance of keeping the nation healthy, of providing our troops with adequate medical equipment, of sending all we can spare to our Allies. We'll serve very simple refreshments, skip the fancy gifts," she rushed on, unconsciously identifying herself with the company, "and we'll have posters around explaining that the money is being donated for war relief."

She talked for a long time, incorporating new ideas in her plan as they occurred to her, waving the cookie occasionally for emphasis. When she finally paused for breath Story's expression was a mixture of admiration and scepticism.

"It's an original idea," he remarked, "and a constructive one. But it would be bound to cause comment."

"Of course it would. The place will probably be crawling with reporters. You'll get more free publicity than Santa Claus."

A dreamy expression crept into Story's eyes at the thought of Bennett Robb in the headlines. Then they clouded with doubt. "I wonder how the doctors would react. They're a conservative bunch and if they decided not to come—"

"Not come to a Victory Party?" Jennifer's scorn was superb. "We'll probably have a bigger attendance than ever. It isn't every day that doctors can enjoy themselves while doing good."

"Well, I'll take it up with the Board," he promised finally.

It was Jennifer's turn to beam. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Let me know what they decide and what I can do to help."

JENNIFER dressed with care that evening, selecting a black dress that was conservative and yet exploited her white skin and burnished hair. The final effect was exactly what she desired, smart but not spectacular.

When it was time for Steve to arrive she went into the living room and lighted the twin lamps at either end of the couch. She checked to be sure there were cigarettes in the silver box on the coffee table. She wanted the atmosphere informal, but not too intimate.

The telephone rang and she picked it up absently. It was a telegram from Steve. He had been called back to Torrance unexpectedly. He had been unable to reach her by telephone before he left. His apologies and he would call the next time he was in town.

"Do you wish a copy of the message?" asked the operator.

"No," said Jennifer. "It isn't important, thank you."

She walked over to the couch and sat down. Silly to feel so desolate over a broken dinner engagement. Steve would be back. He said so in his wire. But when? And would he really get in touch with her? Was his sudden departure for Torrance merely a graceful way of bowing out of an engagement that he regretted having made?

Jennifer got up abruptly and went into the bedroom. "Don't be melodramatic," she counselled herself as she unbuttoned the sleeves of the black dress. "He wouldn't have made the date if he hadn't expected to keep it. Something probably happened at the clinic and as soon as he gets it straightened out he'll be back to finish his business here. Perhaps he'll write in the meantime."

For the next few days she went over and over the conversation they had had at lunch, seeking to reassure herself with remembered words and phrases. She clung desperately to his promise to call the next time he was in town. She was amazed to discover that in love your emotions are the same at 28 as at 20.

But Steve didn't write and he didn't come back. Finally she began

Continued on page 26

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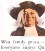

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Continued from page 24

to realize that he probably never would. It had been the wildest flight of fancy on her part to suppose for a minute that, after making no attempt to see her for eight years, Steve would suddenly become attentive again merely because their paths happened to cross. You may have changed, she told herself, but you're not that irresistible. It's your own fault you've been left holding the torch. All he did was toss you a couple of civil words and you've been rubbing them together ever since trying to start the home fires burning again. After that she stopped expecting a letter from Steve but she couldn't control the way her heart jumped whenever the telephone rang.

One morning Joseph Story called to say that the Board had approved her plan and could she come right down for a conference. Jennifer could and did. The conference was the first of a series during which she acquired an alarming number of responsibilities.

AS THE day for the party drew closer she put aside much of her own work and devoted more and more time to inspecting display plans, conferring with staff artists, composing poster slogans and thinking of new ways to emphasize the importance of health to victory.

She was too busy to think about Steve very often now. It was less than two months since they had met in Story's office but her days had been so full it seemed much longer. The episode was beginning to take on a kind of unreality and she remembered her own reaction to it with a vague amazement.

The Victory Party was a tremendous success. The hotel ballroom was crowded all day. Reporters were everywhere as Jennifer had prophesied and as it seemed was Joseph Story, his round face beaming, his bald head pink with joy. He came trotting up to Jennifer early in the evening and said, "I know you must be tired my dear, but don't leave yet, will you?"

"Of course I won't leave yet. I started this thing and I'm going to see it through to the end."

Despite this assurance he approached her twice more during the next hour with some plea. Jennifer was beginning to wonder if the excitement had gone to his head when she saw him mount a platform and hold up his hand for silence. He spoke for several minutes before she realized that he was talking about her, explaining that the party was her idea, telling of the work she had done to make it a success. Jennifer was too stunned to be sure of what happened next. But suddenly she was on the platform and Mr. Story was beaming and shaking hands with her and the ballroom was filled with the thunder of applause.

When she stepped down people swarmed around offering congratulations and praise. Some faces were familiar and some strange. Just when they were all beginning to look alike to her Story again appeared on the platform signalling for silence. Grateful at having attention diverted from herself Jennifer made for a side door and slipped out without waiting to hear Story's message. At the end of a day and evening so filled with events it didn't seem remarkable that she should see Steve coming toward her.

"Is it over?" he asked. "I left Torrance this morning but they shoved us off on a siding to let some troop trains through."

Jennifer shook her head. "I'm leaving early. I've been here all day and I'm kind of tired."

"You look done in," he told her flatly. "Come on. I'm going to buy you a meal."

"But the exhibits. They may be closed by the time—"

"I've seen exhibits before."

SHE was too tired to protest further, too tired even to resent his calm assumption that she would go with him. But when they were sitting side by side on one of the comfortable feather settees that flanked the walls of the hotel coffee shop Jennifer thought: I'm going home. I can't let him think that he can pick me up and drop me at his convenience.

"Rather a poor substitute for the dinner I promised you, isn't it?" Steve asked suddenly. "I was sorry about that, Jen. They wired me that they had found someone interested in taking over my job at the clinic and I had to get back right away because he was only going to be in town for two days."

"You weren't sorry enough to come back or to drop me a line of explanation," she wanted to point out. Instead she said politely, "I didn't know you were trying to find someone else to take over your practice."

"I'm not any more. It's all settled." He shot her a quick glance. "That's what kept me in Torrance so long, showing the new doctor the ropes. I didn't feel I should leave until everything was set."

"What are you going to do now?" Stay here, she wondered, and sow mare's seeds in my fertile imagination?

"Wait for my commission and orders."

Her green eyes widened. "You're joining the army?"

"Navy. I'd have done it long ago but I couldn't find another man to take my place until Dr. Ford decided to unretire himself and start practicing again."

Jennifer was silent, trying to adjust herself to the idea. This was the second time now that he had come back into her life only to leave again quickly. And this time if she was wise she would smother her insurgent emotions so that his going would leave no trace on her heart.

Steve's eyes were inscrutable but his voice was tinged with mockery.

"The idea seems to leave you cold, Jen. I realize that my efforts on behalf of victory will probably never be as colorful as yours, but you might show a little enthusiasm."

She turned toward him so swiftly that her hair swung against her shoulders. "What do you know about my efforts on behalf of victory?"

"Only what I read in tonight's paper but that's quite a lot. Would you like to see it?" He took a folded clipping from his pocket and handed it to her. "It isn't every night that a man sees his ex-wife's name in headlines. That's how I knew where to find you tonight."

JENNIFER'S eyes travelled swiftly over the story of the Victory Party. The reporter had done a good job including the speech Story had made about her and a description of the ovation that followed.

"Still playing it for all it's worth, aren't you, Jen?"

She strove to keep her voice calm, to hang on to the poise of which she had been so proud for so long. "Lots of people get into the papers these days for doing war work."

"But not into the headlines!" There was a look on Steve's face that carried her right back to the days when they had been married, an angry, disapproving look. "Leave it to you to figure out the angles to make your war effort as sensational as possible."

Coming at the end of a long and nerve-racking day, Steve's jibe was the last straw. Jennifer forgot about poise and self-control and all of the other things she had learned. She forgot she wasn't going to let him make any difference in her life this time.

"What if it was sensational?" she cried, her eyes flashing. "War itself is sensational. When you're fighting for your life or your country's life you don't stop to worry about what the neighbors will think! That party was a smashing success. Starving people will be fed because of it. Dying men will be saved because of it. And you sit there and criticize it for being sensational! I thought you'd changed, Steve Nichols. I thought you had finally turned into a flesh-and-blood man that a woman could love. But you're still nothing but a stuffed shirt and I'm allergic to starch!"

She jumped up, but Steve pulled her back down beside him.

"Jen," he whispered softly, "Jen, darling."

She stared at him in bewilderment. He was grinning broadly and his blue eyes were shining.

"I knew it," he said. "I knew my girl was still there somewhere beneath that beautiful million-dollar, touch-me-not exterior—if I could only get to her."

He took her in his arms and kissed her as she hadn't been kissed for eight years and when he released her she glanced quickly around the room and then up at him.

"Steve Nichols," she said severely, "you're nothing but a blatant exhibitionist!"

◆

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Dear Dad:
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This is what he is fighting for . . .

That his family may be safe, and free; that their hours may never be more than the minor casualties of play; that their happiness may be preserved, their way of life safeguarded. He has taken his place in the ranks that will battle for these things. He has been equipped with all that he needs to win. To that he adds his own courage and determination.

But there is one great need in every soldier's life, something we must have, and they want more than anything else—*letters from home.*

All of us have a great duty to our men who are away.

It is to write to them *often*, to keep our letters gay; to avoid burdening them with our everyday troubles or griefs, to help them to be brave and valiant in the knowledge that we are with them, thinking of them, fighting for them in our own way. Even letters from pals are welcome . . . letters from home are treasures! *Make sure he gets those letters.* Newsy letters, happy letters, cheerful letters, from you, and from every member of the family. *He cannot get too many! They cannot be too cheerful!*

You can do more than you think, this way . . . so write him, won't you?

WRITE TO HIM TODAY . . . *Cheerfully!*

Prepared by
the
MAGAZINE
PUBLISHERS
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OF CANADA

(Published by this magazine as a [illegible])

Mail in Miniature

Continued from page 15

to fit the airgraph sheet which measures 8½ by 11 inches. It is then sent by air mail to the Canadian airgraph headquarters at Toronto. Hundreds of brown envelopes are received with each mail. After the airgraphs have been removed the envelopes are returned to the post offices for further use. No wastage of paper here.

Your airgraph letter is next inspected by a trained girl. The girls aren't interested in what you wrote—they see too many letters and are sworn to secrecy as well. Their job is to see that the airgraph is properly addressed and bears sufficient postage. Mistakes in either case mean that the letter is returned to the sender. There's no collecting the difference in postage at the other end as with ordinary mail.

If your letter is correctly addressed and stamped it follows thousands of others into a numbering machine. The airgraphs are placed in boxes in lots of 100, 16 lots to the box, for shipment to the photographic plant on the outskirts of Toronto. The photographing process was formerly done in the United States but recently the necessary equipment has been added to do the complete job in Canada.

This department started with one girl handling all of the messages. Now the normal staff is 33 with approximately 20 trained extras available at all times. All airgraph messages both to and from Canada are handled here.

For instance 31,000 messages were sent out and 107,000 airgraphs received during a recent week. Letters received are cleared the same day and the department has handled more than 10,000 airgraphs in a single day.

Here is what happens to your message when it reaches the photographic stage. It is placed in a machine called a Recordak and photographed on film. Your letter has now changed from paper to film and has also decreased in size. From its original dimensions of 8½ by 11 inches the message has been reduced to ½ by ¾ inches. Sixteen hundred such letters comprise one roll of film and 20,000 messages can be photographed in one day. The Toronto postal department has cleared for overseas more than 3,000,000 airgraphs since the service was inaugurated.

Saving In Time

WHEN THE film has been processed it is rushed by air mail to Montreal where it is placed aboard a transatlantic plane and flown to Great Britain. Upon arrival in England enlargements are made on a sheet four by five inches and these are then sent by air mail to their destination. The whole business takes less than four days—thus a letter written in Canada on a Wednesday is cleared in England for delivery by Saturday morning. The saving in time, let alone space, is obvious.

There is a further advantage to airgraph mail: it is a guaranteed service. Should the messages be lost or destroyed in transit the original letters can be rephotographed and dispatched a second time. Your original message is not destroyed until postal officials on both sides of the Atlantic are satisfied that the letter has reached its destination.

Civilian use of the service for business purposes has grown enormously although the bulk of the mail still goes to the fighting forces. While the airgraph came into being as a wartime expedient, it has many postwar possibilities. For instance the 15 cents rate is half the lowest transatlantic air-mail charge of 30 cents per half-ounce.

One of the most important developments in connection with airgraph is the new idea of sending one's picture by airgraph. Quite a number of these have been sent from Great Britain to Canada but no photographs have been sent from this country as yet. A change-over in machinery would be necessary before it would be possible to handle photos. And it is likely that this will be done in the near future. As far as the sender is concerned all he would have to do would be to paste down a photograph in the part of the space usually used for a written message.

Quiz

Questions Continued from page 18

9. Do you recall who said:
   (a) "It's always too late or too little, or both"?
   (b) "One thing is certain—Hitler missed the bus."?
   (c) "The hand that held the dagger has struck it into the back of its neighbor"?
   (d) "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few"?
   (e) "Keep your shirts on. I am coming"?
10. What are the literary origins of these book titles:
   (a) "The Moon is Down" (Steinbeck)
   (b) "Far From the Madding Crowd" (Hardy)
   (c) "Brave New World" (Huxley)
   (d) "Arms and the Man" (Shaw)
   (e) "Grapes of Wrath" (Steinbeck)

Answers to Questions on page 36

Want a
Lovelier Complexion
in Just 14 Days?
DOCTORS PROVE SECRET IS PALMOLIVE BEAUTY MASSAGE

Here's the new PALMOLIVE MASSAGE that can bring you NEW SKIN BEAUTY! Each time you wash with new, improved Palmolive, take one minute more . . . *a full 60 seconds* . . . and massage Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather into your skin—*like a cream*. It's that extra 60-second massage with Palmolive's rich and gentle beautifying lather that works such wonders. Then rinse [illegible] dry—that's all!

Here's DOCTOR-PROOF this Palmolive Massage really works! Scientific tests on 1285 women, supervised by 36 doctors—and reports from hundreds of women who completed this Palmolive Beauty Massage Test [illegible] that in *just 14 days* Palmolive's Beauty Massage brings better complexions to 2 out of 3 women [illegible] Choice of Palmolive [illegible]

All-over refreshing, relaxing beauty treatment! Give all your skin this proven beauty treatment. Bathe regularly with beauty-rich Palmolive Soap. Get three cakes [illegible]

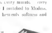
Keep that lovely Schoolgirl Complexion

KEEPING AN EYE ON THE BOYS!

Who'd have thought that I'd trade in my frills and furbelows for a uniform — and be so happy. But that's the way it is! Watching the planes come in and go out — charting courses on my map — I *know* I'm doing work that really counts.

One thing though — there's no time to pamper myself on *this* job. I've got to be on my toes every minute — every day — no matter what. That's why I switched to Modess, the sanitary napkin that's first for heavenly softness and long hours of safety.

The special softspun filler of Modess is fluffy as down. What blessed comfort! And Modess is safer, too. No [illegible] about worries for me. Now I whizz through even the toughest days with a smile.



Modess—for busy girls

TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Montreal's Morgan-Powell

Continued from page 20

family had moved from London to Harrogate and young Samuel went through another strange phase of education. "I had lashings and lashings of girl cousins," he tells. "There were 70 of them in Leeds alone and my mother sent me to spend my summers with the largest family of them." Instead of being embittered by such an experience Morgan-Powell looks back on it as a good idea. "It was a sort of finishing school," he believes. "It did me a lot of good."

Of formal education Morgan-Powell had little and having added a course in shorthand to a background of Dickens, Balzac and girl cousins, he was apprenticed to the Yorkshire Post at the age of fourteen and a half.

"My father paid £350 to have me apprenticed," he says. "The apprenticeship was to last three years and I was paid sixpence a week so it was impossible to earn back the money."

For that sixpence young Morgan-Powell acted as office boy, stock market reporter, police court reporter, advertising clerk and general messenger. "From that time on," he says proudly, "I never had another penny from my parents but made extra money by reporting cricket and football matches on Saturday afternoons."

It was by way of these football matches that Morgan-Powell rose out of the sixpenny stage long before his three years were up. One of the teams went on strike and called a secret meeting in the dressing room. Young Morgan-Powell crawled under the lines to a spot where he could hear all. Lying flat on his stomach he made notes in shorthand on his starched linen cuffs, took the next train to Leeds, wrote the story and got his salary raised to eight shillings and sixpence.

"That raise was all velvet. The next one to 27 shillings and sixpence was more in the nature of a liability.

"In keeping with my new position," he recalls, "I had to buy a morning coat and top hat for weddings and funerals."

Morgan-Powell's apprenticeship, cut short though it was, sounds like an ordeal that not many young men would be willing to go through today.

"We worked for a whole year," he remembers, "without getting a line in the paper. They sent us out with a seasoned reporter each time we wrote a story and turned it in to the chief reporter who pencilled it and sent it back to us."

First Big Chance

IT WAS Morgan-Powell's good fortune to be attached to C. E. Thompson, one of the most brilliant dramatic critics of the time. "We went everywhere," he recalls, "to the big festivals at Salzburg, Paris and Berlin."

Once Thompson missed the train. The occasion was Clara Butt's debut at the Wakefield Festival where one of the first open-air concerts was being held. Young Morgan-Powell had his chance. "I wired back three full columns, much better than anything Thompson ever wrote," he laughs about it. "The paper ran one stick with not a word as I'd written it."

Morgan-Powell tells these stories of himself with a good deal of enjoyment and not too much seriousness. He settles down to talk with the leisured assurance of a man who has more than half a century, almost a whole world and a gallery of famous people to draw on. His conversation is not so much conversation as an act he's built up over the years. His voice is an actor's voice with richness and a good deal of music in it. He speaks with an English accent in well-chosen words and well-rounded sentences. Like a good play he begins calmly and works up to a climax. From an opening of almost complete immobility he tosses in an odd gesture, emphasizing a point by the lift of a little finger or adding to his words by a quirk of his mouth. When he frowns his wrinkles deepen. When he smiles a pair of long, lean dimples appear in his plump cheeks.

When that happens Morgan-Powell is warmed up. The gestures broaden and he thumps the desk with fist or palm, flings wide his arms or snaps his fingers in the air. When he's finished you feel you've attended a performance in the best Martin Harvey tradition.

Probably because of his dramatic flair Morgan-Powell takes more interest in his clothes than newspapermen are said to do. He goes to a good tailor, pays $10 each for his shirts, dresses for the theatre and wears two rings—a star sapphire on one little finger and a signet on the other.

He is regarded as both cosmopolitan and bohemian and has probably worked hard at being both. "For 12 years," he says, "I moved from paper to paper intentionally and spent four years free-lancing, making my way with a small grip as I went all over Europe."

He prides himself that he has been in every European country except Russia. "I was refused entry there" —the experience still entertains him —"because I resembled a nihilist they were hunting for at the moment." He adds that the officers of the Czar were very courteous and cheered him with cigarettes and liqueurs.

Highlights in Morgan-Powell's career include a year in Paris when his beat took in the cafes and the cabarets, a trip to Egypt when he switched from syndicate writer to official guide for the famous Shepheard's Hotel, and six months on the West Coast of Africa working on a paper whose owner dealt in cameras, hairpins, and gin on the side. To escape a smallpox epidemic he left Africa in a freighter and stoked his way home to England.

Back in England he had a chance of going to India to the Allahabad Pioneer, but chose instead to go to British Guiana to become subeditor of the Demerara Chronicle. While there he pretty well covered South America and made the decision to come to Montreal where he's lived ever since.

"The only part of the world I haven't seen," he says—and Morgan-Powell figures it's too late now—"is the Orient."

Wanderings At An End

THESE wanderings came to an end in 1904 when Morgan-Powell joined the staff of the Montreal Witness which he describes as "a strange paper built on abstinence and the glorification of the Protestant religion." From there he went to the Herald and in 1908 to the Montreal Star. Today his friends observe regretfully that "Morgan has become respectable."

They like to talk of the good old times when, legend has it, he would top off a golf tournament with prodigious libations. They recall how he was always going to make a million by buying such-and-such a stock. They remember how he backed a show and was stuck for $3,000 when the other backers decamped.

Most of all they remember Morgan-Powell's generosity in the days when none of them had a dime. "I've known him," says a friend of 20 years' standing, "to borrow $25 from one man and $25 from another so he could lend $50 to someone else."

In those days young reporters worshipped at his shrine. If they showed promise he was always ready with help and encouragement. If they got drunk he would hire a taxi he could ill afford and drive them round the Mountain till their heads cooled off. If they wrote what he considered a good book he hounded publishers and critics till he got them on the map. But outside the privileged circle he was regarded as "pontifical, egotistical and bombastic."

He will still argue on any subject "from social credit to how to bring up a baby."

Today Morgan-Powell is missing a great many of his old-time pleasures. Montreal is no longer a theatrical city and to him Broadway looks too mediocre to be worth the trip. He has had to give up golf—a game he used to play with terrific enthusiasm, great expense and small skill.

Compensations are that he still works hard—the belief is that he won't leave his desk till he's carried away from it—and that he can still read one or two books from cover to cover in an evening. People argue that he doesn't actually read these books but skips and skims over them. Morgan-Powell denies this.

"I follow a system I learned from Quiller-Couch," he explains, "of concentrating on four lines at a time so they become imprinted on the memory."

His own memory he says is fairly good. "I can't remember names but I never forget a face, a hand or a voice." He doesn't pretend though to be the equal of his brother who memorized the whole of Shakespeare and used to go on tour giving scenes and verse as the audience called for it.

When he reads, which he does almost every evening from eight until one, Morgan-Powell must be seated in his own brown leather chair with his specially built cylindrical reading lamp shining from exactly the same spot. If either the chair or the lamp

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is out of place he roars In other ways, too, he is a creature of habit. When riding in a car he insists on sitting in the front seat with his stick beside him. When he goes to his favorite Montreal night club he must be taken always to the same table

People, including his wife, are undisturbed by his explosions of temper Mrs. Morgan-Powell—whom he calls Dolly—he regards as the practical genius of the family 'She has the money sense,' he admits "And the other common sense as well"

Mrs. Morgan-Powell is very small, blonde, dresses smartly and thought by Montrealers to have been an actress Actually she has never been on the stage and comes from Sherbrooke, Que Her favorite pastime is bridge but her husband doesn't share it. "Bridge!" he explodes. "I wouldn't play it for $1,000!"

Picked Library

THE show place of the Powell apartment is Morgan-Powell's library which contains some 4,000 books, each one carefully selected. 'They are the pick of a quarter of a century," he says proudly

The Morgan-Powell's are famous for their hospitality When Morgan-Powell played golf and was a member at Summerlea he entertained everybody and with lavish generosity

For most of his life his income didn't rise to meeting that generosity. His friends used to worry about his future knowing he had no financial sense At the age of 60 he astounded them by announcing that he'd discovered a new form of security—the pension bond. Everyone else had known about pension bonds for years.

Today he does most of his entertaining at home and Christmas and New Year's are special occasions with him On these days he refuses to stir from the house but is offended if any friend fails to call His friends are said to range from truck drivers up "Morgan's a snob," admits one of his friends "but it's a snobbery of taste" This snobbery of taste sets him apart from the times he lives in. He regrets the lost privacy of Victorian days, says that now a man can find privacy only in two places. One of these is an abandoned cellar He regrets too the passing of the art of conversation The dialogue of Ernest Hemingway is to him typical of the bleakness of modern talk

In writing lack of style is to Morgan-Powell a deadly sin and one of which Canadian writers are guilty "There is too much imitation of things American," he complains. "And there are hardly any distinctive Canadian books." As exceptions to these he cites Hugh MacLennan's novel, "Barometer Rising" and Frank McDowell's "The Champlain Trail."

"Canadians are best at the historical novel" is Morgan-Powell's opinion In the line of nonfiction he puts Bruce Hutchison at the top "There's a man whose writing can be recognized" he says. Canadian poets, he believes, can stand up with any of them and he heads his list of favorites with Audrey Alexandra Brown, the two Scotts and Sir Charles G D Roberts.

Of the world today Morgan-Powell talks very little. He regards the Beveridge Plan as "a fantastic dream" He hopes we'll have a better world after the war but isn't any too certain

He doesn't worry too much about this The world he knows has been a good one and Morgan-Powell has memories to last a lifetime Most of these have to do with footlights and grease paint, with the starlit names of Nazimova, Duse and Bernhardt Of all these he likes best to recall an invitation to lunch with Sarah Bernhardt

"I was late," he remembers "so I stopped at a florist's and bought two dozen American Beauty roses When I arrived the room was full of people and Bernhardt came toward me, blazing with fury, seized the roses and struck me across the face with them The next moment she was charm itself and delighted to see me."

If there were thorns in the roses Morgan-Powell doesn't recall them. He probably didn't feel them at the time Being struck in the face by Sarah Bernhardt was good drama

Nonmetal Screen

AN ENTIRELY new window screen, chemically made and containing no metal will be available to householders after the war, says the Scientific American.

It is made of nylon now used exclusively for vital military purposes. Having all of the good characteristics of metal screening, and many qualities besides it can be produced in any color, will not stain the sills, will not corrode, requires no painting and has extraordinary durability

Pencils or other sharp pointed objects can be shoved through it without damage, the strength and elasticity of the strands are so great that they come back into place merely by rubbing them with the fingers.

In many cases the new screens will not even have to be put up in the spring and taken down in the fall. They will just be rolled up and down on tracks like a window shade.

The idea of making screens out of nylon occurred to chemists and engineers several years ago, at the time the first nylon toothbrushes were being turned out—even before hosiery was introduced But the new child of creative chemistry, derived from the hydrocarbons of coal the nitrogen and oxygen of air, the hydrogen of water made such a sensational hit in hosiery and brushes that the manufacturers were kept busy trying to supply a segment of the demand for those articles

Meanwhile a few screens had been erected at various points for preliminary tests They stood up well even along the seashore, where salt spray rusts or corrodes metal screens very rapidly Tests also showed that the nylon screen was so strong and resilient that when something bumped into it no permanent bulge was left

One of the outstanding advantages is the 'ingrained' color, which does away with painting

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London Letter

Continued from page 13

exuberance All the vile cheapness of the mountebank was in that grotesque dance of victory

And what of the people who were told that Russian resistance was at an end, that no British bomber could reach them, that Britain was starving, that Africa now belonged to them? Do you think they sleep well o' nights and greet the daylight with high hope?

Blitzkrieg In Eclipse

THEN THERE is the Army which was trained on the slogan "Victory in 15 days." My Canadian critics have often quoted against me my statement early in the war that the word *blitzkrieg* would become the grimmest of all German jokes. It would be a brave man today who would speak of a lightning war. Hitler's Germany has ceased to believe in victory and the army that does not believe in victory invites defeat

It is justified then, on the evidence before us, to assume that destiny has passed sentence of death upon Germany and Hitler Even Franco from the weary Iberian Peninsula no longer believes that Germany can win He consoles himself by declaring that the Allies also cannot win and that the war—and especially the bombing—should be brought to an end He was not so fastidious when the Luftwaffe bombed his own fellow countrymen at Guernica or murdered 30,000 people in Rotterdam or wrought cruel destruction in Coventry Humanitarianism has touched him rather late in the day

Laval still backs Hitler but that is of no significance The hangman's noose is waiting for him and all he hopes for is to postpone the day of execution as long as possible

How will Hitler die? Douglas Reed deals with this question in his play, "Downfall"

In the last scene the German militarists, having seized power, arrange to have Hitler's face altered beyond recognition and to send him to a neutral country where he will never be recognized They also rely on the fact that if he ever tried to return to Germany the people would not follow an idol whose appearance bore no relation to their memory of him

Strangely enough many people believe that the leading Nazis will try to escape into Switzerland where they have already deposited heavy sums of money The normal man will at once say that the United Nations will soon see to that. A thousand bombers over Switzerland and she would soon give up the criminals.

But it is not as simple as that Switzerland like Britain has a long established tradition of granting sanctuary to political refugees It is true that no foreigner can enter Switzerland without permission from the Swiss authorities Therefore it would be possible for that permission to be refused to Messrs A Hitler H Goering J Ribbentrop J Goebbels and H Himmler (what an ordinary [illegible] will they look when reduced to

Vivacious Jean Curry [illegible] Woodbury [illegible] Facial Soap [illegible]

The "Navy" adores her The War Effort needs her

Pretty Jean Curry keeps wartime beauty bright with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

1 Jean is proud [illegible] the water front. She says "After an active day [illegible] with Woodbury Soap [illegible] glow

2. "I cover my face [illegible] of Woodbury Soap. Gently work it over cheeks, forehead and nose. Then rinse with [illegible]"

3 Jean's ambition [illegible] Woodbury Soap [illegible] a costly ingredient for gentleness

4. "For the skin you love to touch" use Woodbury Soap [illegible] skin care [illegible] Try Woodbury 10c

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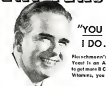

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initials) on the grounds that the German quota was full.

Boycott Possible

ON THE other hand the Swiss have a strong sense of history and an amazing capacity for keeping out of wars without surrendering their sovereignty. They realize that a refusal to admit the Nazi leaders would be a definite political act against the existing rulers of Germany and that in the years ahead the Germans might use that as a pretext for occupying Switzerland in the event of another European war.

It is out of the question that, with the European war at an end, the United Nations would invade Switzerland in order to pull the Nazi rats out by their tails. Rightly or wrongly the conscience of the war-weary world would be shocked. On the other hand it is preposterous that Swiss neutrality should protect the bloody murderers of Berlin from their just trial and punishment.

Therefore it would be within the rights of the United Nations to boycott Switzerland, refusing to allow any commercial dealings or tourist traffic by their nationals. I do not suggest that any such move is contemplated but merely put it forward as a possible move.

In my opinion Switzerland would welcome the boycott. Faced with economic ruin she could make a formal protest and then give up the gangsters on the plea that she had no option to do otherwise in the face of starvation and bankruptcy.

Few people of course believe that Hitler will live to the end of the war. The assumption is that he will either commit suicide, or be shot by the generals, or contract a chill and die suddenly—which would be the same as being bumped off by the generals.

On the other hand he is a desperate gambler and may cling to life in the wild hope that a fantastic turn of the wheel might partially restore his fortunes. And being the greatest ham actor of all time he might even look forward to his trial when for the last time he would play the role of the German Messiah, the man who sought to save this country from the Jews, the bloody-minded Churchill, the savage Russians and the plutocratic Roosevelt.

Do not imagine that Hitler believes for a moment that he made war on Europe. Such men as this vanity-sodden, frustrated murderer always convince themselves that their crimes are measures of self-defense. And what applies to Hitler applies equally to the whole German race. That is why Hitler is still alive today. The Germans, old and young, solemnly believe that the United Nations were determined to destroy them and that Hitler only struck because he had to do so before the power of his enemies became overwhelming.

Imagine Hitler in the witness box answering the charge that he invaded Norway, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Holland and Belgium without even the semblance of justification.

"We occupied Norway," he would say, "one hour before the British. For months we held our hand but when the evidence of British intentions was overwhelming we had to act. Czecho-Slovakia was a Russian outpost pressed against Germany's heart. Poland was a road to carry Russian Armies to the German frontier. Holland and Belgium were pillboxes to be occupied by Britain and France when it suited them. When Russia occupied the Baltic States as points of vantage against Germany no one complained. When I took similar measures of sensible security to render war in Europe impossible Britain and France opened fire in the name of God, freedom, civilization and the preservation of the pound, the franc and the dollar."

What a setting for the posturing tragic-buffoon of Berchtesgaden! With his illiterate mind soaked in the Wagner tradition he would see himself as a masculine Brunhilde about to mount his horse and ride to Valhalla there to be consumed in the flames of the gods.

Hang Hitler

I FOR one hope, nevertheless, that he will live to be placed upon trial. We have reached a point in the story of mankind where the mass murderer should be punished in the same way as the wretched creature whose score is only one victim. Men who make wanton war are the worst of all criminals and it is time that history dealt with them.

Nor should the Nazi leaders be handed over to the Czechs or the Poles or the Dutch for trial. That would be an evasion of responsibility by the United Powers. They should be brought to London and tried in Westminster Hall in order to add Parliamentary authority to that of the law.

There would be an outcry of course, that this would be an outrage on the memory of Charles I, who was placed on trial in the same place, but that should not be allowed to alter the setting.

Westminster Hall, where the first Parliament of all time met, is large enough to hold the representatives of the United Nations as well as those from the occupied countries. Its walls are curtained with history and its stones echo with the footsteps of man's struggle toward the light. Not in a court of law but in the Palace of Westminster should these criminals confront the arraignment of civilization.

I know it will be said that this is premature—that Germany is still an unconquered fortress and that the bloodiest battles of the war have yet to be fought. All that is true but we must take decisions now that will govern our actions when the war ends.

This time we cannot allow the coming of peace to soften our purpose or weaken our judgment as in 1918. Not even the firing squad should be permitted to these murderers. The gallows must be their fate. If Hitler lives to be put on trial he must share the same end as Bill Sikes and hang by the neck until he is dead.

It is rough on Bill Sikes who only murdered Nancy but at least it will show the world that never again will the magnitude of a crime give sanctity or dignity to him who commits it.

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Quiz

Answers to Questions on page 18 and 25

1. (a) Italian
   (b) German
   (c) Japanese
   (d) British
   (e) Russian

2. (a) Canadian province, city of the State of New Jersey
   (b) Cities in Maine and Oregon
   (c) Cities in England and Massachusetts
   (d) France, Ontario
   (e) Nova Scotia, England

3. (a) This competent anti-Nazi commander of German troops was killed on what was officially but mysteriously described as "a dangerous mission" during the Polish campaign, September 1939
   (b) A still unexplained plane crash cost the life of the perhaps too popular No. 2 Fascist in Libya, June, 1940. There is some evidence that jittery Italian gunners mistook his plane for a British bomber
   (c) Suicide, April 3, 1941
   (d) Suicide after the scuttling of his ship Graf Spee, December, 1939
   (e) Assassinated, Christmas, 1942

4. (a) When I have crossed the bar (Tennyson)
   (b) Who never to himself hath said (Scott)
   (c) It fell to earth, I knew not where (Longfellow)
   (d) We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
       In Flanders fields.
       (McCrae)
   (e) O'er the land of the brave and the home of the free (United States national anthem—F. S. Key)

5. (a) British
   (b) Japanese
   (c) Italian
   (d) German
   (e) American

6. (a) Write the story of a person's life
   (b) Make maps
   (c) Compile a dictionary
   (d) Compose dances
   (e) Print from stones by the lithographic process

7. (a) Commander of the heroic British auxiliary cruiser, Jervis Bay, who defended a convoy to the death against a German battleship, November, 1940
   (b) The intrepid mayor of Warsaw who was responsible for the defense of his city even after the military men had given it up, September, 1940. Jaw-cracker though it is, his name will live
   (c) In one of the most spectacular exploits of the early American attacks on Japanese naval forces, he bombed and sank a battleship
   (d) Working 96 hours in a hole with an unexploded time bomb, he and his crew probably prevented the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral, September, 1940
   (e) He shot at and nearly succeeded in killing Naziphiles Pierre Laval and Marcel Déat in Paris, August, 1941

8. (a) Cygnet
   (b) Leveret
   (c) Kid
   (d) Gosling
   (e) Tadpole (or pollywog)

9. (a) David Lloyd George in the British House of Commons after the Russo-Finnish war, March 13, 1940
   (b) Neville Chamberlain, in the House, April 5, 1940
   (c) President Roosevelt thus referred to the Italian declaration of war, University of Virginia, June 10, 1940
   (d) Winston Churchill in Parliament, Aug. 20, 1940
   (e) Adolf Hitler in a speech from Berlin, Sept. 4, 1940

10. (a) "Macbeth," Act II, Scene I, by Shakespeare. This scene helps to set the prevailing mood of foreboding before the murder of Duncan
    (b) Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."
    (c) The Tempest, Act V, Scene I, by Shakespeare. "O brave new world, That has such people in't!"
    (d) The first line of Virgil's Aeneid, usually translated "Arms and the man I sing."
    (e) Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic. ". . . the Lord . . . is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored."

Lifesaving Suit

WHEN the cry of "Torpedo!" is raised by the crew on tanker, freighter or transport, there is little time to launch rafts or get into lifesaving equipment. A two-piece rubber lifesaving suit, designed for speed, has a zipper fastener that enables the wearer to put it on in about thirty seconds. An inner kapok vest and weighted rubber boots keep the victim in an upright position with head and shoulders out of the water. Boots, mittens and hood are attached to the suit. Food can be carried in watertight pockets high on the chest and the air space within the suit provides protection from the cold by holding the body heat. Even if the suit should become filled with water the kapok vest will keep a man afloat.—*Popular Mechanics.*

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CROWN BRAND SYRUP

The CANADA STARCH COMPANY Limited

Comfort in the Clouds

Continued from page 20

chamber was constructed in which it was possible to simulate weather conditions at minus 50 deg. with a 25-mile-an-hour wind blowing.

Dr. A. Burton built "Old Black Joe." Joe was a man-sized dummy electrically heated. When he was in the cold chamber the amount of electricity required to keep him at body temperature varied according to what he was wearing. Joe thus made it easy to measure accurately the insulating properties of different fabrics.

Joe's chief defect was that—not being human—he couldn't perspire. The scientists knew ventilation was almost as important as insulation—that if your clothing wouldn't let the moisture from your pores escape you were an easy mark for frostbite. They could show for instance that heavy felt boots would keep your feet warm at 40 below but that if you put overshoes over these boots your feet would freeze.

It was this factor which made the experimenters shun sheepskin with which earlier flying suits had been lined and which was still used by other countries. The hide wasn't porous enough to give adequate ventilation. Instead they chose as a lining a thick double-pile fabric with a loosely woven base. Old Black Joe proved this had insulating properties and the scientists went into the cold chamber themselves to make sure of its ventilating properties.

Confounds Nature

CANADIAN wool was used in this lining not because it came from Canada but because it was found to have unusual properties of resiliency. In other words it kept its thickness and did not flatten out after wear, and Colonel Fred Miller, Farnham, Quebec, confounded nature for he succeeded at the request of the RCAF in constructing a fabric which had wool on both sides of the skin. The only difference was that he did not use a skin at all. He designed a cotton skin which was only one tenth the weight of the sheepskin.

Next the scientists agreed that over the lining should go an outer layer of twill made from long staple cotton—twill which wouldn't tear, would be wind resistant and could be chemically flame-proofed.

Then they went into a huddle on design and came up with the idea that because your bloodstream is nature's heating system any interference with circulation would have to be carefully avoided. In other words the suit couldn't be tight, couldn't constrict any part of the body.

Nor was it a question of constriction of the bloodstream only. Scientists have found a way of measuring the amount of fatigue experienced by aircrews. The results showed the need of reducing the tightness in normal garments so that fliers could move about more freely and easily

THANK YOU Canada

(A Message From The Motherland)

At the outbreak of war your solidarity and instant comprehension of the issues involved was heartening indeed. To the stress and suffering of the blitzes your response was immediate. You gave to our children fleeing from the menaced Homeland the warmest of welcomes, often at the expense of your convenience and comfort. In the darkest hours you sent over your fighting contingents to help us. And to our own boys leaving desk, mill, factory and mine to train and harden themselves for the conflict you have shown constant hospitality and comradeship. We must not omit to thank you also on behalf of the Mothers and Children here for the generous gifts of milk, foodstuffs and clothes from many Canadian organizations and other kind friends.

For years to come, in thousands of English homes, your kindness, your generosity and help will be spoken of and remembered—not only by those who experienced them but also by their deeply appreciative relatives and friends who in spirit join in this small tribute.

Thank You, Canada!

This space has been taken by COW AND GATE LTD. ENGLAND (Associated Company of Cow and Gate (Canada) Ltd. of Gananoque, Ont.) to express in some small measure the gratitude felt in Great Britain for the sympathy, support and hospitality of Canada and the Canadian people.

"If he spanks me, I'm gonna run away from home!"

[illegible] Tommy shrieked and struggled, and Big Tom lost his temper [illegible]

2 [illegible]

3 [illegible]

4 [illegible] Castoria [illegible] They like to take it. And it's effective yet safe and gentle. [illegible]

5 [illegible] especially [illegible]

6 [illegible]

CASTORIA
The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

"'BUY VENUS, BY JOVE,' I TOLD THE BOSS . . ."

Double talk?"

No — B-U-Y Venus. Venus Velvet Pencils are the best buy

The gals mean that Venus-Velvet Pencils write smooth and hold their points. Venus-Velvets are Pressure-Proofed, too, to prevent wasteful breaking. Ask for Venus-Velvet at your stationer's or office suppliers

And for colour — Venus Super Colour Pencils are tough and strong. Ideal for checking.

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Nausea, faintness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of
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without losing energy If such clothing could be produced the energy saved could be devoted exclusively to the technical duties which keep fliers so busy

While his colleagues were drawing diagrams to illustrate the virtues of baggy knees and baggy elbows particularly when you work in a sitting position in intense cold, Dr J A Kitching of Banting Institute devised baggy - knuckled gloves Ordinary gloves are shaped to fit your hands when the fingers are held straight but you almost never hold your fingers that way And when your fingers are bent ordinary gloves tighten across the knuckles restrict circulation help get your fingers frostbitten at extreme temperatures

Dr Kitching's gloves fit bent fingers. Flying you wear three pairs -- inner gloves of light cotton middle gloves of wool and outer gauntlets of soft leather The inner gloves have specially treated finger tips so you don't have to remove them to pick up papers or small objects

The flying gloves took some eight months to develop The dimensions of this glove are almost entirely different to the gloves which you have been accustomed to buying Dr Kitching found that he had to measure up fingers palms and thumbs of some 1 500 airmen because, when he had completed his search of the glove industry in England the United States and Canada, he found that nobody knew how wide the fingers of a particular size of glove should be The glove industry may now benefit by fundamental knowledge of the anatomy of the hand which Canada's National Research Council can make available to it after the war

Meanwhile felt flying boots were being designed to protect airmen's feet.

Then somebody raised the question, "What if a pilot is forced down in the wilderness? If the suits are going to be Air Force blue, how is he going to be spotted from the air?"

So an identification hood was evolved in a special yellow which is the color of the chemical packs fliers carry to dye the water when their planes fail to reach land When not in use the hood is rolled up inside the collar and fastened in place Forced down in cold weather a man wears it parka fashion In addition the inner lining was changed to brilliant yellow because the clothing designer found that by making very few changes the stranded flier could wear the suit inside out Thus he could be readily detected from the air

Research men could foresee an emergency in which an airman might want to shed his garments in a hurry Hence the zippers on jacket and pants They are the kind known as "quick release" and literally fall apart when the tabs are pulled over a release spring Shrapnel cannot jam these zippers

Winter Clothing Expert

ABOUT the time the rough blueprints of Type-E reached the National Research Council's Subcommittee on Protective Aviation Clothing, Fred H Deacon, vice-president of a clothing firm at Belleville, Ont, arrived in Ottawa to offer his services in the war effort He knew a lot about clothing for winter sports and had stayed in Labrador with Sir Wilfred Grenfell, after whom Grenfell cloth is named, to find out how to dress against the frigid Labrador weather The RCAF asked him to help incorporate the findings and recommendations of the scientists into garments suited for mass production

He returned to Belleville and talked it over with his head designer, E R Hinchey Belleville became the development ground, the place where the flying suits conceived in scientific laboratories were manufactured experimentally Designer Hinchey, ruddy faced, stubby and cheerful, wangled a seat out of an airplane from the Air Force and put it beside his drafting board so he could sit in the same position as a flier to determine where a suit was likely to get uncomfortable

Climbs Mountaintop

SOON several models of flying suits had gone to Ottawa When Squadron Leader P W Webb of the RCAF struggled to the summit of Alaska's 20 300-foot Mount McKinley with a U S Army expedition last year three models were dropped to him by freight parachute from a bomber While gales beat at the peak sometimes with 50-mile-an-hour fury and the mercury was far below zero he changed from one flying suit to another, wore each long enough to ascertain its qualities Squadron Leader Webb went from his mountaintop ordeal to Ottawa to report on the garments he had tested and the best points of each went into Type-E which is now standard issue

Hinchey worked several of his own ideas in the suit He cut away the lining at the back of the knees, elbows, and under the arms This eliminated a bulky feeling, made it easier for the wearer to bend his joints. He found out how to distribute weight properly by building in suspenders When he couldn't get rubber to make these he used small springs

It is quite likely that your postwar overcoat will have built-in suspenders to give a better shoulder fit and make it seem lighter. And this overcoat will inevitably show in its fabric the influence of wartime research on protective clothing

For long operational flights at very high altitudes, Type-E may be worn over an "electric undersuit" This is a cotton garment which looks like overalls. Sewn into it is an 88-foot strip of inch-wide metal gauze. There's a cord with which the "undersuit" is plugged into the ignition of the plane which heats the metal gauze in the same way as electricity heats the coils of your toaster There are also electric undergloves and undersocks—each with seven and a half feet of metal gauze.

One trouble with electrically heated garments is that an airplane has a limited supply of electricity What is available has to be rationed among the crew Men most exposed to the cold—such as the rear turret gunner—get the most current. Men in less exposed positions may only get enough current to plug in gloves and socks or may get none at all

Type-E flying suits attracted the attention of the Canadian Army and the Royal Canadian Navy who wanted similar outfits.

Despite the engine heat the inside of a tank gets terribly cold on a cold winter day—almost as cold, tank men say, as the cockpit of an airplane miles up in the air In addition the Army has had to face the possibility that it may have to fight in the Arctic.

Mr. Deacon was called into consultation by military officers, listened to their clothing worries, hopped a train for Winnipeg It was midwinter and the prairies were having a cold wave. In 40 below zero weather he rode in tanks, universal carriers—all sorts of vehicles He froze his nose and his ears Then he went to Regina He interviewed Mounties—lots of Mounties What kind of clothing had they found best in the Arctic? Why? What did the Eskimos wear? So forth and so on

Those he talked with favored native caribou clothing worn in two layers—an inner layer with the fur next to your skin and an outer layer with the fur on the outside.

At the RCMP museum Deacon took the clothing out of the glass cases, studied it, wore it He found caribou hide was thin enough to allow some ventilation and that the hairs were slightly absorbent.

He was told that Eskimos take their caribou garments off before climbing into their fur sleeping bags at night, turn them inside out and toss them where they will freeze In the morning they scrape the frozen perspiration off before dressing

He decided this was all right for Eskimos but doubted whether Canadian soldiers would think much of it. Besides that, getting enough caribou skins to clothe the Army or even part of the Army would be out of the question What was needed was a fabric which had fibres with all the properties of caribou hair but with a porous backing to allow moisture to escape

Textile makers were called in to help in the development of such a fabric. Made of a mixture of mohair and alpaca hair it is being tried out in clothing for arctic troops. The Army's "caribou suits" are built along Eskimo lines For camouflage and added wind resistance a white windproof parka goes over the two layers of caribou cloth.

Aid For Wounded

A WHILE ago word got round that the RCAF wanted a casualty bag in which wounded could be transported to hospitals by plane.

It would have to be a bag that would keep a wounded man warm at high altitudes And it would have to be of such a design that a wound anywhere on the body could be treated en route without the rest of the body being exposed to the cold The Air Force said if it got a bag like that it could save a great many lives

The clothing designer commissioned to do the job contacted

STAND-IN! The fellow who used to fill 'em up is in the Army now June Kellard is taking his place selling gas by coupon She's good at it, too Has to be on the job by 7 a.m There's why I vote for Kellogg's Corn Flakes," she says. "Save time in the morning, and *taste* swell." Kellogg's are ready anytime in 30 seconds, leave no pots and pans to wash.

BUSY WOMEN sew ditty bags, hospital garments, clothes for refugees. "I'm from Lithuania," says Mrs Yakubynas (*right*) "I haven't heard from my relatives there for two years. I try to do every bit of war work I can and Kellogg's Corn Flakes are certainly a help They're so quick to get ready Kellogg's need no cooking, save time, save fuel save work.

"FELLOW GETS HUNGRY in school," says Bill Fowler Wise mothers give them Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Ready in a jiffy, leave no pots and pans . . easy to digest and economical cost less than 1¢ a serving And Kellogg's are a *favourite* with kids! Year after year, an overwhelming majority of housewives all across Canada report Kellogg's the family favourite.

WORK STARTS EARLY on the farm, ends late! No precious daylight hours to waste when Canada needs every ounce of food her land can yield "Doesn't take anytime to have a dish of Kellogg's Corn Flakes before chores in the morning," says hired man Walter Hill. "Nothing better, I say" 4 out of 5 Canadian housewives agree . . . year after year, in independent surveys they vote Kellogg's *first* for flavour! Good other ways too — use Kellogg's Corn Flakes to "stretch" meat in hamburgers, croquettes and meat loaves Get some tomorrow Two convenient sizes Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

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What does *your inner voice* tell you?

DON'T YOU often hear a small voice whispering, "You should be doing something *more important* than this! This is your war, too! Why aren't you in uniform?"

There is an important job — a job you can do — urgently waiting for you. Every patriotic women can serve her country now. Enlist in the R.C.A.F. *right away!* Once in uniform you'll know it was the right thing to do. No special experience is needed, just the qualifications listed below.

The R.C.A.F. needs girls ages 18 to 45 with at least High School Entrance. Apply at your nearest R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre bringing proof of education and birth certificate. NO WAITING! EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROMOTION

Send for the free booklet about airwomen in the R.C.A.F. Write to Director of Manning, R.C.A.F., Jackson Building, Ottawa, or nearest Recruiting Centre.

RCAF

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

S. B. Cleverley, Hamilton, manager of a slide fastener company.

"You've got to make me a two-way zipper," he told Mr. Cleverley.

"Can't do it."

"You've got to. It will save lives."

So Cleverley produced a two-way zipper—one which has two pull-tabs which will open or close it from either end. And now the RCAF has a casualty bag with two-way zippers on both sides and on the top. It permits doctors to treat a wound on any part of the patient without uncovering more than a square foot of the body.

All this adds up to quite a score for Canadian inventiveness and ingenuity. And as a result of their work in this field Messrs. Deacon and Hinchey have been retained as consultants by the Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army.

"Victory Troops"

Continued from page 10

malnutrition are the grasshoppers. Crickets in the evenings set up an ear piercing noise which sounds to all intents and purposes like an entire Canadian Army using electric razors at once.

Canucks Shave Heads

THE sand varies from brown dirt mixed with twigs to fine white dust. It penetrates everywhere, and as the troops travel the roads dust wafts into the vehicles, as they tie wetted handkerchiefs across their noses and mouths. "It tastes like southern Saskatchewan and looks like a suburb of hell," commented one soldier. Taking it philosophically troops sing their own theme songs, "Little Sirocco" and "Mohammed Done Told Me."

Many mothers wouldn't know their own sons because many of the boys have their hair cut close and their heads shaved. They do this because it is easier to keep clean and also a doctor has quicker access if they suffer a head wound. "When they see us coming," grinned one of these shorn lads, "the Jerries must think Canada is releasing all her jailbirds to take part in the Sicilian campaign."

When one visits a Canadian bombing squadron in North Africa the airdrome, set in the centre of a treeless waste, appears to be a seaplane base. A mirage makes the big Wellington bombers look as if they were floating on a lake. With the temperature at 102 deg. in the shade and the wind blowing across the sand it was like taking a peek into a blast furnace. The Canadians here took part in the strategic bombing of Sicily and Italy. They live, eat and sleep in their tents in the sand, and in the officers' mess the steward pours out iced water as if it were champagne.

It's not much like the lush fields of Yorkshire where the dew was heavy in the thick grass by the time the "Wimpeys" came back from their nightly work over Germany. That was where many of these boys had done their operational flying before coming to North Africa. Many of the crews who made Italy unhappy those nights started their bomber careers in the European theatre of war. Some of them have done whole tours of duty up and down the length of the Reich. Many of them know the flak of Essen and Hamburg and have done the long haul to Berlin itself.

They find this new life strange and in many ways difficult. But the guys who have toured the Ruhr through the flak and prowling night fighters aren't going to let sand and sun and sweat get them down and they are adjusting themselves to the new kind of air war they are fighting.

At first they found it hard to get their sleep, for night bomber crews get to bed about dawn, and not long after the sun comes up the flies go to work. There aren't the same comforts they had at those big bomber stations in the north of England. For instance there is no local pub to rally around in when the squadron stays home for a night. There are no leaves to London or Edinburgh or that place in the country. There are a lot of things that are different but one thing remains the same. That is the job to be done, and these Royal Canadian Air Force boys are getting on with it just the way they did "back home" —funny how these lads keep saying back home when they mean England. They have been operating for some time out here—long enough to size up the situation and the differences between operations here and in England.

Misses Big Fires

LET Squadron Leader Wier Klassen, D.F.C., Lilac, Sask., who returned from a tour of operations over Germany, tell what he sees as the essential difference between bombing in this part of the world and in Europe. "There is not as much flak perhaps. At least you haven't got the intense concentration here that you have in the Ruhr. At the same time raids are not usually in the same proportion as they are in the big shows over the 'happy valley.' But they can give you personal attention here and make it pretty hot for you. Another thing is you miss the big fires that our bombers used to start in the Ruhr," Klassen said, recalling the 1,000 aircraft over Cologne.

The aircrews aren't the only ones who have to get used to new and trying conditions. In the hot sun the ground crews were bombing up and checking and rechecking the aircraft that carried the deadly freight consigned to Italy. Out on the line where the hulking Wellingtons stand, faithful old dobbins of bomber command, the sun makes wrenches and screwdrivers hot as freshly heated rivets. Sitting on the wing of an aircraft the heat scorches through khaki drill shorts and gives the boys who are working on the kites a hot seat that is no joke. It's tough working in that sun. But the serviceability has been remarkably high out here where you might expect a bit of mañana to creep in their philosophy with the rising temperature.

Even the cooks have to do a bit of getting used to the desert life. Field kitchens have to be set up and those boy scout tricks that they had almost forgotten are coming in handy once more. Living in a country that seems to be a succession of jack-rabbit pastures has its compensations. Eggs are plentiful. So is fruit. There are lemons now, and melons and even watermelon. Soon there will be oranges, and grapes are starting to make their appearance at the messes.

There is plenty of water although it may smack a bit of unfragrant chlorine. There are even showers fed by ice cold water from a spring.

Bombed Sicily Ports

WHEN Sicily was invaded the fliers were as keyed up as if they had been in the landing barges themselves. News of the progress of the land fighting was eagerly sought. The boys knew the fighting area well as they had taken part in the softening up raids on the island on the eve of the invasion.

During the early stages of the invasion the squadrons shuttled nightly across to Sicily bombing and blasting targets in the path of their comrades-in-arms on the ground. These fliers attacked Naples and the big airfield near the City of Capodichino. They bombed Reggio and San Giovanni, mainland terminal of the ferry service that runs from Messina in Sicily to Italy. They bombed anything and everything that would make things easier for the boys sweating it out in the olive groves of Sicily.

As the boys in the United States Air Forces say they are sweating it out here and doing a good job of it. General Doolittle, chief of the heavy bombers, told them so the other day. That's the Jimmie Doolittle who led a formation of bombers to Tokyo. He knows good bombing when he sees it.

It would seem that heat and other bugbears would have Canadians grumbling but they have been so enthusiastic over at last coming to grips with the enemy that they are taking everything in their stride.

A group of Canadian nurses whose personnel was drawn from the Toronto district found themselves parked in a camp on the desert slopes of a mountainside. At mealtimes they lined up with messtins alongside the men as bully beef was given out and shared the daily rush to fill water bottles as the water cart made only one visit daily. Sleeping under mosquito nets in Nissen huts and looking, to misdirected dispatch riders, like an unexpected view of an eastern harem, these nurses were roughing it as well as any soldier.

As the wounded returned from Sicily Canadians here besieged them to hear news of the fighting and they had some exciting and amusing stories to tell. Such as the story they tell of Private "Coffee" Caughtry, London, Ont., who at the point of his tommy gun surprised and captured a group of Germans in a cave and marched them into captivity to find afterward that the tommy gun had jammed and was useless.

A Vancouver lieutenant told how happy the Italians in Sicily were to be taken prisoners and said the only two

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NUGGET SHOE POLISH
THE FINEST LEATHER PRESERVATIVE

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F-39
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RENDELLS

A Lass and a Lack

(... OF CONFIDENCE)

Woe is you! Dressed up to go to the most-fun party of the year ... and what happens? Your calendar tells you to call things off ... for you just can't mask your *feelings*, can you?

This was the night you'd planned on for weeks! And now you're blithely bowing out, with a lame last minute alibi. Or are you?

For in pops Sue — and speaks her mind, but plenty! "It's murder," she says. "Why kill your chances for future dates?"

"What you need is comfort," she continues, "and your confidence will take care of itself. I thought *every* girl knew that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!"

Perk up and Play!

Then she explains that Kotex *stays soft* ... doesn't just *feel* soft at first touch. That's why Kotex Sanitary Napkins are more comfortable.

And that's why your confidence takes a sky-ride! For Kotex helps you to keep in the fun — with that special 4-ply safety center to protect you like a guardian angel. And flat pressed ends that don't cause tell-tale lines. (Remember this patented Kotex "extra", next time — when you want to wear your smooth new formal!)

You see, it just makes sense that more girls are choosing Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

Keep going in comfort WITH KOTEX*!

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FEW PRODUCTS on your druggist's shelf have withstood the test of time so long as "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Since 1870 it has given reliable first aid in thousands of homes. Isn't that the best proof of the effective relief it gives in case of cuts, burns, chapped skin, sore feet and scores of other ills and injuries?

To be sure of getting this time-tested quality, always look for the trademark "Vaseline". It's your assurance of petroleum jelly that is scientifically prepared and purified.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd Montreal

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TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

● Because "Vaseline" Jelly works such wonders for the skin, it has been made the base of a number of specialty products. Ask your druggist about "Vaseline" Carbolated Jelly and "Vaseline" Borated Jelly.

unhappy Italians he saw were two who had been put to work digging slit trenches. Not understanding English they thought they were going to be shot and were digging their own graves. They dug with tears streaming down their faces until the arrival of an interpreter who explained what the holes in the ground were for.

Thin Lines On Map

TRAVELLING with a troop convoy to Tunis is an experience one is not likely to forget in a hurry. The thin lines on a map across the top of North Africa give no indication of the teeming traffic encountered on these main highways linking such places as Oran, Algiers, Tunis and Sousse. They are alive with assorted vehicles bringing up reinforcements and supplies and these two lane highways are like Canadian city streets during the rush hour.

It was a tiring trip until the convoy reached Béja where the troops perked up at seeing the first signs of the North African battles. Béja is a small spot on the map and was the farthest point the Germans pushed back the First Army after the first approach to Tunis. The town bore the battered remains of German artillery shelling and from Béja on there were striking evidences of battles. The party came upon burned-out vehicles upside down on the side of the road, and battered tiger tanks, and passed war graves where British, Italian and Germans were buried side by side. From time to time the roadway was pockmarked where cannon shells had exploded as fighter planes strafed convoys. Countless salvage dumps stored high with ammunition, vehicles and German water cans were seen. Dispatch riders would stop and pick up souvenirs and hand them up to the troops in the trucks as the convoy progressed.

Sees Bombing Results

ON THE outskirts of Tunis the troops came upon the airdrome whose hangers were flattened to the ground and in a vacant field there was a vast array of destroyed German and Italian transport planes — a monument to the futile efforts of the Axis to reinforce Tunis.

As one enters Tunis the road skirts the docks. This was a fine opportunity of seeing the results of Allied bombing. One got a vivid picture of its accuracy and effectiveness. The Tunis docks were a mass of rubble, twisted girders and flattened storehouses. Yet as one gets up into the centre of the city one sees no such damage except for the odd buildings knocked about during the street fighting. There is a distinct demarcation line between the totally blitzed docks and the main part of the city.

There are no air-raid shelters in Tunis as one knew them in England. Tunis was built on what was once a lake so it is impossible to construct underground shelters. The only protection from bombs was a series of slit trenches dug among the shade trees on the central boulevard of beautiful Avenue de Jules Ferry, the main street of Tunis.

The Germans started occupying Tunis a day or two after the Allies landed in North Africa and were here for exactly six months. But there is practically no outward sign of the German occupation, which was a surprise to the Canadians visiting their first city liberated from the Germans. The day after the Allied occupation the provost companies had done the rounds of the city removing all German signs and notices.

But talking to local people one was able to get a picture of what it was like when the Germans were here. On all sides it was said that the Germans' behavior was absolutely correct except toward the Jews whom they treated abominably. A Maltese bookshop proprietor said "I am a British subject but I am forced to admit that though the Germans bought up everything in the shops they paid for it.' Then he added dryly, 'Of course the money they used was absolutely worthless. It was spurious Banque de France paper money which they printed themselves right in Tunis. Nevertheless the Germans were correct at all times in their own fashion."

The manager of Tunis' best hotel told of the Germans departing hurriedly and taking their bedroom keys with them. "But," he said, "knowing their thoroughness I am sure they are now making arrangements to have the keys returned to me through Geneva."

Algerian Black Market

BUT if the Germans attempted to make every outward show of correctness not so the Italians. The population of Tunisia is three million of which two million are Arabs and the remainder assorted French, Italian and others. Although the French govern Tunisia as a protectorate the French are in a minority compared with the Italians. When the Germans arrived the Italians saw a chance to prove Italy's claim to the country.

Two Arab schoolboys of better-class families said they wished the Canadians had come last year. When asked why, they answered, "Because we studied Canada in geography last year and you Canadians would have been a wonderful help to us in the examinations." When asked what country they were studying this year they said Europe—the whole of Europe—which struck the troops rather as a compliment to Canada to have one whole year to herself while all European countries had only a single year shared among themselves.

Though these boys were 100% pro-Allies the bulk of the Arabs preferred the Germans. The Nazis launched a bombardment of propaganda on the Arabs and made them all sorts of promises of power which they never intended to fulfill. The other reason was that while the Germans were here the Arabs were able to conduct a lucrative black market. Issued with rations of such things as sugar and soap for neither of which they have any need the Arabs sold them to the Tunisians at fantastic prices. Now the British are here rationing is worked out much more equitably and the abundance of the necessities of life means not such a wide market for blacketeers.

But the Tunisian beggars have already learned to cadge cigarettes from Canadians. They even know the names of the popular brands and don't ask for just any cigarette but demand their favorite smokes.

They're far from home these Canadians and they feel it—probably far more so than they did in Great Britain. But the mail is moving along pretty well and they're getting used to the new life. The Army is on its mettle and after the months of extensive training in Great Britain is fit to tackle any obstacle.

As for the Air Force it is a strange experience for one who has seen some of these same boys taking off from the fields of England to watch them filing into a tent in North Africa to tell the story of their night's work. There seemed to be a break in time and space somewhere and then the scene lost its strangeness for there was something familiar and recognizable in their faces. Something that would always be there no matter how much they got around this man's war. They were grinning under the sweat and the airdrome dust. They were grinning the same big cocky grins that were at once a cry of joy on being home and a challenge to the next time they went out into the night.

They may be sent to a lot of funny places but these lads don't change.

Your House of Tomorrow

Continued from page 13—Starts on page 12

ventilating arrangements were worked out.

And a week or two later truckloads of parts arrived from the factory. In a few hours your new house was ready for you to move into.

Houses were cheaper now. The saving was accomplished in many ways. Assembly line construction made possible the employment of less skilled labor and saved thousands of man-hours. The business of building a brick wall by lifting into place one brick at a time had always been a wasteful procedure. The construction of an inside wall by first erecting a wooden framework then covering it with lathing and finally applying three coats of plaster was equally wasteful. Covering a roof by separately fixing in place thousands of shingles was another time-wasting business as was cutting threads on pipes and assembling dozens of fittings to go around corners, under floors and through walls.

In your new home the plumbing consists of pliable brass, copper and plastic pipes. These require no threading and can be bent over and around obstructions.

Painted surfaces are thoroughly sprayed before they leave the factory. The business of applying paint a brushful at a time was abandoned some time ago. Plastic objects get their color when they are made and never have to be painted—merely washed.

Your house came in sections each just big enough for one or two men to handle without elaborate hoisting equipment. Fitting the sections together was a matter of hours. For a base framework there was a welded steel skeleton similar to that used for city skyscrapers but made of light steel tubing. The aircraft industry had been responsible for increases in the facilities for producing this tubing.

In general your house is fireproof, decay proof and termite-proof. It could be made of a wide variety of materials. While many synthetic materials have appeared in recent years, wood, old-fashioned wood which comes from trees, the kind of wood grandpa used to cut, will probably be found in many places in your new home. But improved processes have made it fire, water and insect resistant. In some methods lumber is treated in pressure tanks so that protective chemicals penetrate deep into the fibres. Improved plywoods put together with water and heat-resistant glues will probably be used for interior finishes.

Your home will be financed as easily as you once paid for a refrigerator. Prefabricated houses will probably be sold by department stores on the installment plan, with weekly terms ranging from $2 to $8 weekly, depending on the number of rooms and the terms of the plan.

Plastics Prevail

PLASTICS will be pretty important in your house by 1956. There will probably be some eight or 10 general types by then each one of which will have its special uses, but none will completely displace wood, brick, steel, glass, rubber, plaster, cotton sponge wool or any other basic material.

Each plastic has different characteristics. Some are brittle others tough. Some melt at low temperatures others stand up under tremendous heat. Many are opaque and come in a wide variety of colors. Others are as clear as crystal. Most can be made into sheets, tubes or blocks, many into yarns for textiles. Most are unaffected by moisture, ordinary foods or household chemicals. Most are fireproof.

A wide variety of raw materials including cotton linters (short fibres), soybeans, skim milk, air, coal and wood pulp may be made into plastics. Apparently it is pretty much a matter of what the chemists in the laboratories have on hand at the time. Glass fibres have been used as insulation in building everything from houses to battleships. So light is that material that on a battleship the saving in weight equals six days' fuel.

It was not until plastics had reached the mass production stage, however, that they could compete with older products. In 1943 plastics cost around 20c. to a dollar a pound. And at that time even copper and aluminum ware were worth only 12c to 13c a pound. Light steel and wood cost much less. During the war, of

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC

No matter whether you're on the home front or in the armed forces, you're probably a victim of dry scalp. To humor, dandruff, falling hair—these are the symptoms. The remedy is "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Rub a little into the scalp with the fingertips once in a while. A brisk massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before a hair wash loosens up the scalp and eases the itchy feeling. To keep the hair well groomed from morn till night, comb a few drops through the hair each morning.

Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd

It takes just a few drops daily to keep your hair looking its best

"Winterize" Your Home with
GYPROC WOOL
and enjoy maximum Comfort
with substantial Fuel-Savings

UNDER existing fuel [illegible] Winterizing, [illegible] common [illegible] is a patriotic duty. There is no [illegible] insulation — no insulation which [illegible] practical advantages than GYPROC WOOL. Think [illegible]

EASY TO INSTALL. Gyproc Wool comes in light weight, uniformly thick, semi-rigid batts which can be easily handled and which fit snugly into place. No problem of installing. In most cases you can do the work yourself.

CUTS FUEL COSTS. Field tests prove that Gyproc Wool makes possible fuel savings up to 30%—plus the advantage of an insulating material that is definitely fire protective and makes your home comfortable all the year through.

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FALSE. Lanolin is like the skin's natural oil. Doctors prescribe it to soothe and soften skin. Lanolin is blended with Williams to help you get close shaves without irritation.

2 Sailors' skins are especially tough?

FALSE. Sun and wind [illegible] make their faces extra [illegible] Capt. T. F. Brown says: "My face used to feel sore after a close shave. But I can shave as closely as I like with Williams [illegible] me [illegible] It soothes my skin."

WILLIAMS shaving cream

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Do you use just your thinking mind? If you do, you are missing 90 per cent of your possibilities. Those occasional hunches are the urges of a vast sleeping force in your inner mind. Learn to develop and direct it. Push obstacles aside and master life with an energy you have overlooked. Send for FREE SEALED BOOK. It tells how to obtain these teachings. Address: Scribe [illegible]

The ROSICRUCIANS
SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA

course, nobody counted costs. Later, however, people figured more closely.

But plastics have many characteristics which go a good way toward offsetting their high cost per pound. Small plastic objects such as car door handles, radio knobs and fittings, tooth paste tubes, knife handles, insulators, etc., which are made in vast quantities, are cheap and easy to produce. A few seconds of tremendous heat and pressure in a mold and the object is completed. Unlike a metal casting or wood carving it seldom needs further handwork. Its color is in it when it is made. And to quote its manufacturers, some types are as light as wood, as transparent as glass and as strong as steel.

When you built your home you specified plastics when their cost was not excessive or when they offered advantages over older material. The walls may be made of wood, plywood, fibre, plasterboard or some form of insulation—or more probably a combination of several of these. Such walls will provide insulation against heat, cold, noise and dirt, and make the cooling or heating of your house a comparatively inexpensive business. Whether you use fuel oil, coal, gas or electricity for heat will depend on where you live and the comparative costs.

Many of your windows will be sealed and made of laminated glass or plastic panes. The glass industry some time ago perfected a window made of two sheets of glass separated by a dead air space. This provides almost as much insulation as your walls. Some rooms of your house can be opened to the out of doors, particularly the sun porch which can be cut off from the air-conditioning system when you swing aside the big windows in spring and early fall.

In packaging, plastics have taken over extensively, replacing tin, glass, wood and tin foil but not displacing them entirely. The extreme lightness of plastic containers has made them popular wherever transportation charges have kept the price of a commodity high.

Of course a lot of small gadgets in your house are made of plastics—bathroom fixtures, kitchen utensils, toys, etc. And so are the nonrusting shovel, rake and hoe with which you cultivate your garden. Plastic too is the hose with which you water your flowers.

Homes On the Move

AND finally, if you are restless someday, or don't like the view or your neighbors, or if you change jobs, you and your home can travel. What goes up can come down. During the war when whole towns sprang up overnight near munitions plants there was considerable experimenting with prefabs. As needs changed dozens of houses were moved from one area to another. One test showed that a $2,560 house was torn down in 3 hrs. 30 min. and put up some miles away in 4 hrs. 40 min. Total cost for the operation was $100. Some $15 worth of materials had to be abandoned at the old site and installation of sewer, water, gas and electric connections was extra.

The wartime construction in Canada of numbers of small prefabricated houses influenced postwar housing in two ways. It gave the prefab industry confidence, practice, and a head start granted to few other industries during the war. Other plants had to convert from tanks to cars and machine guns to refrigerators, but all the housing industry needed was a reasonable supply of raw materials.

In the second place this wartime construction produced and left standing at the close of hostilities a number of modern almost new houses. Few of them were located where people wanted to live permanently but all were demountable, and as the cost of taking them down and putting them up was less than that of buying new houses they were put to use. For several years after the war the accessibility of these small, cheap, and modern structures answered the need for a good fraction of the "new" housing.

Those who have the money and who fancy elaborate brick and stonework are still able to build themselves Gothic, Tudor, Georgian or Colonial mansions. But inside these fancy frostings it is more than probable that a good many units from the prefab factories will be used. Among these will be movable walls, bathroom and kitchen and clothes closet units—and, of course, all heating, refrigeration and ventilating machinery.

The low-cost apartment development originally planned to replace congested city areas is also represented in your rural community. In some cases such projects are private enterprises but more often they are sponsored by towns or counties, as their return on the investment involved is too low to be attractive to investors.

Built of brick, tile, or possibly stone, these five and six story apartment houses are surrounded by wide expanses of park and play areas for children. Inside they offer most of the luxuries and improvements you have incorporated in your more expensive private home.

Model Community

THE community facilities in your small town represent the latest development in civic planning. Instead of a number of small public buildings most municipal agencies share a modern centrally located building. Located here are the school, the public library and the town's administrative offices. A large auditorium is an important adjunct to this civic centre.

The auditorium was constructed by methods which horrified many of the townsfolk and shocked all the old line engineers. But it worked and after awhile people got used to it. The problem was to provide a room big enough to hold two or three thousand people on occasion and which would be as free as possible from beams, girders and supports.

The engineers first built a circular foundation. They then constructed on the ground a welded roof of thin sheets of stainless steel formed to resemble an umbrella. Over this was laid a layer of insulation and a thin roofing. When the edges of this metallic "fabric" were sealed to the circular foundation it was inflated until it rose, forming a large dome shaped room. Of course it was necessary to control the ventilation carefully. A small amount of additional air was pumped in every day or two to maintain the proper pressure inside the auditorium. To everybody's surprise this pressure was not noticeable to people inside the building. Sets of double doors at all entrances provided an "air lock" which kept too much air from escaping.

The construction of a central community building had saved the town a great deal in building costs. Maintenance, too, was less as it was necessary to support only one heating and ventilating system. Only the town's hospital was left out of this scheme, and it was located in a park in a quieter part of town.

A second park covering many acres has tennis and handball courts, a football field, a hockey rink and a swimming pool. The latter has a fantastic new gadget—a flexible glass springboard which makes divers appear to be standing in mid-air.

For economy and efficiency your town's storekeepers have also grouped themselves into three or four big structural units.

A chain grocery store is housed in a large building which also accommodates lawyers' and doctors' offices, the bus terminal, the post office, etc. Another unit was built by a department store which rents its extra space for offices. At this time there are almost no small commercial buildings left in your town. It has become increasingly difficult for them to keep going as big building developments offer superior and more modern facilities at a cheaper rate than the older landlords could offer.

They Ride With Death

Continued from page 7

tubs and radios, cooking utensils, stoves, bedding and linoleum.

Implements of war by the million—guns, ammunition, plane parts, hospital supplies, stretchers, operating tables (they fly the nurses in), lumber, nails, fence posts and plain old-fashioned bread pans (for they're a thousand miles from a bakery), little tables and now and then a shiny new piano to grace a little canteen where the boys can gather and sing the songs of home and love and all they're working and fighting for.

If it's high explosives or dynamite, you check and double check your space, for a heavy jolt or boxes rubbing together can send you into kingdom come without a passport or a chance of argument.

I saw them go into the vast night—ammunition trucks in dark brown camouflage with winking lights bobbing on and off and a little floodlight at the rear shining up against the lettered sign, "explosives, keep clear."

M-H ELECTRONICS IN YOUR HOME
of Tomorrow!

Your post-war home is in the making now — a home with undreamed of conveniences and comforts. New products produced under the pressure of war, startling new advances in the application of Electronics will play a major role in fashioning the future.

M-H Electrons are coming to control the heating of your house — to dispense carefree indoor comfort, regulate your heating effortlessly, to air condition your rooms. Now M-H Electrons are at war performing miracles in planes, tanks and ships. These same miracles, or modifications of them, will be available to home owners everywhere after peace comes. That's the promise of our engineers — a promise that will be kept to bring you a new and better home in the world of tomorrow.

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Remember the Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates you buy today are down payments on your home of tomorrow.

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AUTOMATIC Controls

THE HAZARDS OF HOUSEKEEPING! EVEN THE MOST EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPERS GET THEIR SHARE OF PINCHED FINGERS SMALL CUTS AND BRUISES

FOR ANY MINOR INJURY USE A READY-MADE BAND-AID* (AFTER TREATING HURT PROPERLY)

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Your home can have a share in Victory! Liquid Veneer will help you keep it gay looking and smiling with brightness. A Canadian favourite for over 50 years,—there's nothing quite like Liquid Veneer for keeping furniture and woodwork clean and beautifully polished. And it is so easy to use! Your dealer has it, 25c and 50c.

LIQUID VENEER CORP. [illegible]

I thought of the courage of these drivers—the cold steady courage that it takes to drive a load of TNT 1,600 miles over roads that can best be described as "tricky," with no chance of a cigarette when nerves get raw and taut as your headlights pierce the darkness ahead of you and the silence closes in upon you like a dark blanket. TNT trucks travel alone with only the comfort of a "patrol car" stopping now and then to ask if you're all right.

Every truck is numbered and named and listed. When you leave Dawson Creek your name and number is checked off and the list handed to the driver of the patrol car. These cars operate a 200 mile shuttle run, back and forth, watching their convoys.

At first only the U. S. Army trucks were checked and helped—the others were strictly on their own, come hell or high water. But after a while when a few minor accidents had turned into a tragedy with a couple of dead men frozen beside the broken truck, they took over the responsibility of every truck on the road and these breakdowns were soon repaired. The men felt safer and did not worry so much when the loneliness shut them away from the safe and friendly world they had left so far behind.

Of course on the regular runs they travel together and sometimes standing on a hill on a clear night you'd think you were looking down at the Queen Elizabeth Highway between Toronto and Hamilton before gas rationing came in. One truck follows another for miles on endless miles headed north into the Yukon where gold lies hidden below the ancient rocks, and it's nothing to come suddenly upon a little pebbled creek and see a grizzled sourdough on his haunches panning gold dust from the clear water.

Too Many Truckers

SO MANY truckers poured in from all over Canada that they had to put a ban on their coming and last spring they "froze" the trucks in Saskatchewan where drought farmers were selling everything down to the last bedstead to make a payment on a truck and hit for Dawson Creek. Two fellows from Saskatoon tried to sneak up by back roads after the freezing order had gone into effect and landed in the "coop" at Edmonton to their despair and fear.

"Listen, Mister," one of them pleaded to a Mountie, "we thought we could make it, see. We thought we'd cross the border before the date set but we just missed her by a day. Please, Mister, let us go through. Our wives and kids are living on Oh well, we made a good try anyway," he added sadly as the Mountie shook his head and turned them back almost within sight of their goal.

The country abounds with rivers and lakes. The whole north is a giant watershed of muskeg sponge and soggy marshlands, of mosquitoes and "bulldogs" (huge flies), also "no-see-ems," the Indians call them; they are so very small. The female bores a tiny hole in your skin and deposits her eggs there where they are hatched by the heat of your body and while this is going on they itch until you think you'll go plumb crazy and end it all.

The truckers protect themselves with netting sewn or tied around their hats. Huge red hankies tucked under the edges of the hat flap in the wind and help keep a few insects off. But the heat and dust and noise are hard to take and by the time they reach Whitehorse or Fairbanks they are "fit to be tied" as one disgusted fellow put it.

Takes All Kinds

TRUCKERS vary in age from 18 to 65 and it takes all kinds of people to make an army of them. The older fellows seem to stand the gaff better than the young ones. They're more seasoned to hardship, steadier and not so apt to fly off the handle after a narrow squeak with death on a slimy mountainside where a split second of time separates life and death.

For remember, this is still "a road," not one of those super highways as older parts of the country know them. It's still a trail to Tokyo, a treacherous, shaky winding ribbon of adventure, through a country that is as primitive as the heart of Africa—a wild, untamed, outlawed frontier, whose climate is treacherous and bitter in winter and "right turrible, in summer, mo'am," as a boy from Alabama said to me.

Truckers lounge in the streets, stand in line for beer, sleep the deep snoring sleep of utter exhaustion in the cabins of their trucks or stretch out beside them, if the night is warm, in any alley or lane they can find.

I talked with dozens of them at a huge transport company at Dawson Creek. Every size and shade and nationality on the face of the green earth are there. Poles with sallow faces and stocky bodies, blue-eyed Swedes from Manitoba, Ukrainians from northern Saskatchewan, Finns from the little settlements around Port Arthur, miners from Timmins and Kirkland Lake whose jobs had folded up on them since the war.

And they're a pretty decent lot on the whole. A trucker looks tougher than he really is, specially on the Alaska Highway, where his face is sore and creased with the wind, his eyes bloodshot slits in his face and his lips caked with dust and sweat.

I met one who is so homesick for his wife and little family in southern Saskatchewan that it was pitiful to see, but he said, "By doin' this I'll clear my place in two years. If the work holds out I'll wipe the mortgage off clean as a slate and, s'help me, God or man will never get me to put a plaster (mortgage) on it again. We'll starve first." He looked off across the lonely hills and it sounded like a vow he was making to himself for all the years to come.

One of them seemed almost too old to be trucking but he told me his story of wheat margins that had wiped out his savings of a lifetime. "But I'll win it back," he said. "I'll get enough, if all goes well, to tide us along and we'll be all right. It's a kind of adventure." He grinned at me through caked lips and added, "Don't know why I'm telling you all this but you seem to kind of understand."

"I do," I answered him almost tearfully, "I sure do."

And there was a dentist from Winnipeg, a cowboy from Gleichen, a tall lanky half-breed from Prince Albert, and, believe it or not, a young boy who is writing poetry about the trail as he calls the Highway—ballads of his fellow truckers, verses about the things he sees on the road to Fairbanks and back. He shyly pulled out bits of crumpled paper and let me read his stumbling rhymes. His metre was a bit ragged but his thoughts were clean and beautiful.

Rolling North

AND so they roll along—by rivers that no man has named, over mountains that no white man has ever seen before, down into the blue valleys of the Yukon whose tiny pebbled streams are yellow with virgin gold yet to be explored and panned, past the Liard, the Tanana and the Teslin, over temporary bridges as frail as spider webs, in through the Rockies whose summits are 4,200 feet above the blue level of the sea, and their trucks wallow in a lake of slime, and every inch of them from head to toe is caked with its blue-grey muck and their eyes look out from their faces as through a mask.

Over the Soldier's Summit, where the opening ceremony of the Road was held and a narrow satin ribbon cut by a pair of new scissors and the Road proclaimed an open highway, where children yet unborn will learn the story of the making of the road, and the men who drove the trucks over it carrying material for the war of the Aleutians.

Rolling north by northwest where Yukon steamers, used in the gold rush of '98, are high and dry on the banks and are now being used as warehouses, past airports hewn out of the scrub and rock by bush flyers 20 years ago, where glacier ice is covered by muskeg moss and lies a bare few inches below the rolling wheels.

Into a country where coal lies in great seams like girders below the ancient earth, where oil oozes out of the sands in golden pools, where tungsten and radium ore are there for the taking and a vast new world opened forever for the use and comfort and healing of man.

We have our soldier heroes, thank God for them! the bravest and best in the world; but let us not forget this army on wheels—those tough weather-beaten men of the trails who rode their lurching multiple-tired trucks in the cold and darkness of one of the worst winters ever recorded in the history of Canada. The men who slept with their clothes on, steadied their precious loads around incredible curves, up, up, over mountain ledges that haunted their dreams by night—over the ice of rivers and fogbound lakes when the northern lights swept across the sky in fiery tongues, hissing in a way that did queer things to a man's mind and made him see shadows running in the white snow behind the

See the Bathroom? GOODNESS NO!

A dirty badly stained toilet won't stand inspection. But why have one? Sani-Flush will keep your toilet bowl sparklingly clean. Every application cleans away occurring film, stains and incrustations where [illegible] germs may lurk. Removes a cause of toilet odors. It's quick, easy—and thorough. No rubbing! scrubbing! No need for a cleaner plus a disinfectant when you use Sani-Flush for toilet sanitation.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Cleans the hidden trap. *When used according to directions on the can Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is safe in toilet connections.* Use it at least twice a week. Made in Canada. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes.

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CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

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Minimum Wartime — ENQUIRE NOW

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"You'd think there was a Love Shortage!"

1. Look at him, will you? [illegible]

2. I'm glad I don't [illegible]

3. Well that [illegible] so many modern women [illegible] simply use Lysol. [illegible] solution for feminine hygiene [illegible] thoroughly [illegible] Follow the easy directions—that's all."

4. You ma'am, she was right! [illegible] AND [illegible] about any love shortage [illegible]

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Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. [illegible] **Effective**—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—[illegible] **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odour**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength no matter how often it is uncorked.

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FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For FREE booklet [illegible] Lysol [illegible] Dept. [illegible] Toronto, Ont.

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"In wartime — and after...

my family needs Life Insurance PROTECTION!"

"IN OUR monthly household budget, life insurance holds first place. That's our guarantee that there will *always* be enough for everything else!

"Thanks to the representative of The Mutual Life of Canada, I have been able to *plan* my insurance to meet every need . . . succession duties, home and family protection, education for the children and retirement for myself. I found that the company had policies specially designed to meet specific needs."

In these uncertain times, YOUR FAMILY NEEDS LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION! *Only* by life insurance can the average man create *at once* sufficient additional security . . . there is no other way that you can add *so much, so quickly*, to your estate today!

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spruce and tamarack of the little hills that lay along his lonely route.

For when the Road is finished and the engineers have gone home the trucker will still be there. He'll be hauling his cargoes in the long darkness of the winter night or in the blazing sun of midsummer when 12 o'clock midnight is as light as 12 o'clock noon. And little towns—still to be—will lure him ever north to plant his feet upon the high lands that lie beyond the Arctic circle.

Riveter's Money

Continued from page 9—Starts on page 8

tell him to stay home where it was safe.

THE movies changed their bills only twice a week. Sometimes Morris would stay through three shows, go in the afternoon and not come home until dark. He could go by himself now. He couldn't ride his new bicycle because you weren't allowed to ride on the sidewalks and Clara wouldn't let him ride in the streets. He dressed up all day in his new long pants clothes. He wore his riveter's helmet down to the grocery store and back. He hung out the window throwing his new airplane that flew like a boomerang until Clara caught him at it and made him stop. "You'll fall out th' window and break your head open."

Jimmy slept in the day and Morris had to be quiet. Sometimes he sat through the same show on Wednesday that he had seen for three shows on Tuesday so he'd not be noisy and wake Jimmy up. He didn't know any kids, not even the ones who lived in the house. Those who saw him on the streets didn't pay any attention to him. They had riveter's helmets too, and long pants and all those things, and he wasn't any novelty to them.

MORRIS was waiting for the big armed blond lady to unlock the door of the little ticket cage to the movie house. He was second in line. The little girl in front of him was smaller than he and she had very short hair. He could see her head through it. The hair looked very thin and like silk off a spool of thread. Other kids were shuffling disinterestedly into line behind them and all of a sudden Morris realized that none of them knew each other either. It gave him courage. He leaned over when the little girl turned round and smiled at her. She turned back eagerly as though she were half afraid she'd made a mistake. Then she smiled back. Both of them immediately started talking. The other kids looked on hungrily. Morris cast a superior gaze back at them. He knew somebody.

"Where do you live?"

The little girl pointed. It was up the street toward where Morris lived. Morris said happily, "I do too—up that way." He pointed again. "Not really, though. I really live in Pleasant Harbor."

"My daddy makes $110 a week."

"Mine makes $100."

Figures were nothing. They were big. Still they were nothing.

"Where do you really live?"

"In Lawrenceville," the little girl answered quietly. "I got a big house there—'n there's all kinds of things—" Both of them looked as though they were seeing Lawrenceville. "I'm going back to Lawrenceville," the little girl said wishfully. "Are you going back to Pleasant Harbor?"

"I don't know," Morris said. "You see, my father's there."

"You said your father was here."

"My real father's in Pleasant Harbor."

"Oh," the little girl said with hard grown-up understanding.

"He doesn't make much money," Morris said decisively. "Mama likes it better here. She's got $100 a week here."

Then the ticket lady slammed open the window. "Hi there, kids—back again today?" She was always jolly with them and each one smiled at her eagerly when they bought their tickets. The little girl bought hers and stepped back to wait for Morris. They were the only two who walked in together. The others straggled in one by one.

Spy Against Spy

Continued from page 6—Starts on page 5

A formidable organization composed of technicians, engineers and chemists was created for the purpose of spying on the industries of England, France and Germany.

This was first found out when German policemen arrested a man with the undistinguished name of Yamamoto because he had stolen a horse.

Yamamoto was a chemist and had been graduated from the Karlsruhe Institute of Technology. He then went to Hoechst-on-the-Main, near Frankfurt, where the German dye trust (I. G. Farben) had some laboratories. Yamamoto was especially interested in certain laboratories where work under Professor Ehrlich was in progress. One night he stole a horse from one of Ehrlich's experimental stables. It was no ordinary horse. It had in its blood a serum which Yamamoto hoped to extract and analyze in order to arrive at the secret formula without paying royalties.

Yamamoto idiotically enough took the animal to his furnished room in a house belonging to the widow of an army officer. The horrified lady called the police who arrested Yamamoto. This ludicrous incident provided the first clue that Japan had established industrial espionage in Europe. *Continued on page 51*

THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS
COMES OUT FIGHTING!
ONE OF A SERIES OF 'ACTION PICTURES' WITH CANADA'S MECHANIZED ARMY

IN THE SAME WAY that a prize fighter depends on his legs, a modern assault force depends on the speed and skill of the Army Service Corps. Day and night, with danger in the air, under foot and on every side, these fighter drivers carry troops, ammunition, food, fuel, water and other supplies from base to battle line.

Each member of the Corps is trained to handle his truck or a gun with equal ease; to operate radio equipment, to find his way through strange country by map, by compass, or by the sun and stars. In spite of mud, sand, mines, bombs—these soldiers drive onward with their precious cargoes. Of such men, General Montgomery has said: "They always deliver the goods."

When men of the Army Service Corps meet enemy opposition, they flash into action like "Indian fighters" in covered wagon days (see illustration above). The two lead trucks swing into a road blocking 'V' while fighting men scramble from the protective vehicle (Number 3 in a convoy) and pour hot lead from rifles, Brens, sub machine guns, anti-tank or anti-aircraft weapons. With the enemy pinned down, the remaining drivers turn their lorries "on a dime"—and swing around to find some way, *any* way to deliver the stuff with which victories are made.

■ ■ ■

Into each of the thousands of military vehicles which roll away from Ford of Canada assembly lines goes the finest work of skilled automotive specialists. The rugged, powerful vehicles are made and tested with the most exacting care — because Ford of Canada workers are determined these Canadian built machines will distinguish themselves under fire in the expert hands of the fighting Army Service Corps.

"Canadian Industry must keep open a 'direct line' of communication with the world's battle-fronts—so Canadian equipment will continue to increase in battle-worthiness as it increases in quantity."

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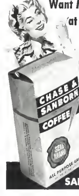

New CHASE & SANBORN Economy Bag saves metal for Victory—saves money for *you!*

NOW enjoy super rich Chase & Sanborn Coffee at an actual saving in cash. You now get more flavor per penny—more pleasure per pound—because in order to save metal needed for Victory we're putting Chase & Sanborn in a new double thick economy package. Ask your grocer for Chase & Sanborn—choice coffees of the world—roasted and packed in Canada to reach you at the peak of delicious flavor.

Rules for making coffee go further: Buy super rich Chase & Sanborn Coffee—keep it in an air-tight container. Measure coffee and water accurately. Keep coffee pot scoured clean. Don't make more than you'll use and serve soon after it's made. Remember quality coffee goes further. Get Chase & Sanborn Coffee.

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

Dessert Team-mates

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of Chatelaine Institute

GOOD as your dessert may be it's often all the better for a suitable accompaniment. Cake with ice cream, cookies with custard, fresh scones with jam, hot muffins or slices of fancy bread with fresh or stewed fruits—that's teamwork for you! Double billings such as these will get a come-again from the family.

Ginger Bran Muffins

2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
¼ Cupful of sugar
1 Tablespoonful of molasses
1 Egg
¾ Cupful of sour milk
1 Cupful of ready cooked bran
1 Cupful of sifted flour
¾ Teaspoonful of ginger
½ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Teaspoonful of baking soda
1 Teaspoonful of baking powder

Cream the shortening, add the sugar and continue to cream until well blended. Add the molasses and egg and beat thoroughly. Then add the milk and the bran and let stand while mixing the remaining ingredients. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the dry ingredients. Combine with the first mixture and stir only until the flour disappears. Put in greased muffin tins, filling them two-thirds full and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. Fahr.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Yield: 12 medium muffins.

Lemon Cream Scones

2 Cupfuls of flour
3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Tablespoonful of sugar
¼ Cupful of shortening
1 Teaspoonful of grated lemon rind
1 Egg
½ Cupful of cream or rich milk

Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in the shortening and lemon rind. Beat the egg, keeping out a little of the white to glaze the tops of the scones. Add the cream to the egg. Combine with the flour mixture, stirring only until blended. Turn out on a floured board and mix lightly while counting 20. Roll ½ inch thick, cut in triangles or squares, brush with the egg white and dust with fine sugar. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. Fahr.) for about 15 minutes. Ten to 12 scones.

Chocolate Oatmeal Crisps

½ Cupful of shortening
¾ Cupful of sugar
1 Egg
2 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
1 Cupful of sifted pastry flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
1½ Cupfuls of rolled oats
¼ Cupful of milk
¾ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the shortening thoroughly, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is light. Add the lightly beaten egg and the melted chocolate, and mix well. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Combine with the rolled oats and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Add the vanilla and when well mixed, drop from the tip of a spoon, about two inches apart on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for 15 to 20 minutes. This amount makes four to five dozen cookies.

Dura-Gloss picks you up

[illegible] tonight? Make a date with Dura-Gloss. It's fun to do your nails with this bright sparkling polish. Topnotch quality [illegible] colors.

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BE THANKFUL IF *YOURS* IS KING'S PLATE

Lasting beauty and faithful service reward the choice of King's Plate. The deep plating and the visible sterling silver mound* ensure enduring charm. If yours is King's Plate, be thankful—treasure it. "Lucky" [illegible]—for like a lot more precious things, King's Plate will be increasingly scarce until after the war.

McGLASHAN CLARKE COMPANY LIMITED

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Continued from page 48

British and French counterespionage services did not see fit to organize any resistance against the Japanese. Their reason was that the Japanese were not interested in military but in industrial owned secrets. The Germans did organize resistance because even at that time they considered that industrial secrets were military secrets.

The German-Japanese battle of espionage began.

During the years before the World War this battle was fought all over Germany by virtually thousands of Japanese spies and thousands of German counterspies. The Reich established two counterespionage agencies in co-ordination with Department IIIB (military intelligence) of the German War Department. One was maintained by the AEG (the German electric trust) and the other by I. G. Farben (the dye trust). Headquarters for the AEG were set up in a Berlin suburb, and for I. G. Farben in Leverkusen.

This strange fight was interrupted by the outbreak of World War 1. Since Japan took the side of the Allies, Japanese spies could not go on working in Germany. The headquarters of Japan's industrial espionage was transferred to Paris where an office was rented in a modest building on the Champs Elysées.

Posed As Salesmen

THEN, after World War 1, the Japanese established a central office for Europe in Brussels. It operated under the guise of a central commercial agency supervising the sales of Japanese goods in the European market. The industrial spies all over Europe acted as travelling salesmen for this company.

As soon as the Japanese "invaded" Germany industrial counterespionage agencies were organized to take up the fight again. The head of the whole German counterespionage system became a Dr. Fritz Lange—not to be confused with the well-known anti-Nazi movie director, Fritz Lang, now in the United States.

I met Dr. Fritz Lange a few times and indeed most of the information in this article was given to me by him. He is a stocky man of about five feet seven, with an intelligent face and conservative manners. He looks like a scientist and he is one. He used to be an assistant professor of engineering and was connected with Berlin University. During World War I he was employed in the German intelligence service stationed in Belgium. Now his nominal position became that of a manager in the AEG, a big power company in Berlin. That was the front behind which he acted as counterespionage chief against Japanese industrial espionage.

In 1932 Lange told me that according to his estimates Germany had lost more than 600 000 000 marks (about $250 millions) because of the secrets obtained by Japanese industrial spies.

One of the most important Japanese espionage attempts was their effort to obtain the secret of the atom-smashing machine developed by Professor Urban in the labora-

"You learn the difference when you do your own work!"

One of the first things you learn about Bon Ami is how *pleasant* it is to use. It wipes away dirt and grease quickly and thoroughly. Yet it's not a bit scratchy or coarse. For Bon Ami is completely free from harsh grit and strong caustics. That's why it doesn't mar or scar smooth porcelain surfaces. Why it doesn't leave scratches that catch and hold the dirt. Why it doesn't redden your hands! Use it in both kitchen and bathroom—and *see!*

Bon Ami comes in two different forms

Don't be without *Bon Ami Powder* for your every-day cleaning jobs. It keeps bathtubs, sinks, enameled stoves and refrigerators bright and shining. Use *Bon Ami Cake* for cleaning windows, mirrors, painted woodwork. It's so economical—one cake lasts for months.

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Alka-Seltzer

tories of the AEG. This machine was operated with 2,000,000 volts and produced certain "cold cathode rays" which some people believed could be used in warfare to paralyze enemy planes. German scientists did not believe in the practicability of the experiment but rumors about certain minor successes leaked out and induced a number of Japanese spies to hurry to the AEG plant to see the fabulous machine.

Most of the Japanese carried a book, or a bulging handkerchief in their pockets, or sometimes just a carnation. Dr Lange succeeded in finding out that hidden in the books, the handkerchiefs and the carnations were tiny cameras. He did not insult the Japanese visitors by taking their cameras away from them. What he did, however, was to set up in the main administrative building of the AEG a Japanese tearoom where the Japanese were brought after their tour of the laboratories. The room was fitted out with straw mats and beautifully painted screens, exactly as such rooms are furnished in Japan. The only difference was that behind the screens were hidden X-ray machines which went into action as soon as the Japanese entered the room. The result was that all the films in the tiny cameras of the Japanese were spoiled.

"So Sorry, Please"

ANOTHER time a Japanese general introduced to Fritz Lange a visitor from Tokyo who—so the general explained to Lange—had lost his right arm in the Russo-Japanese war. This man came to visit the plants of the AEG frequently. For a long time Lange thought that this man was what he seemed to be until one day he was struck by a peculiar little movement going on under the jacket of the invalid. He discovered that the man had not lost his right arm and that he used his right hand to make drawings on a sheet of paper fastened to his undershirt. Comic opera though this sounds it is a matter of record.

Another ludicrous incident took place in Krefeld, capital of the German textile industry, where two Japanese engineers were visiting to study a manufacturing process for which they were negotiating a trade agreement. The Japs stole the key to the safe where certain manufacturing formulas were kept and where the firm also kept its foreign business contracts. These the Japanese were anxious to get in order to "muscle in."

When the firm discovered that the safe had been opened during the night a private detective was employed. He saw one of the Japs sneak back to the room, open the safe and operate a little camera, thus making copies of the records. When the Jap was confronted by the detective he denied the whole story and the firm, unwilling to lose the lucrative Japanese contract, consented to his remaining at the plant. Despite his having been discovered, the Japanese continued his practice of getting photographs of all the records hidden in the safe. Dr Lange arranged for an infrared camera to be hidden in the safe, with its shutter attached to the door in such a way that anyone opening the safe would be photographed. The morning after the plate of the camera showed a picture of the Japanese.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Lange and his men, starting with this lead, discovered a whole Japanese spy ring operating at Krefeld. Not all the spies were Japanese. A number of young Hindus had been planted in several factories. They posed as students and asked for field work in the textile factories. According to Lange, two out of 10 spies were Germans who had worked for the Japanese for many years. They were the only ones who were eventually convicted and imprisoned.

Unlike the AEG, the I G Farben Company always considered its counterespionage organization against Japanese activity a police job. This outfit is called Werkpolizei and it is headed by Carl Berg, a former private detective, who worked as a labor spy for I G Farben in Cologne in the first years after the last war.

Similar departments patterned after the I G Farben counterespionage organizations were established, soon after Hitler's rise to power, in airplane factories like Junkers, Heinkel and Dornier. This was to prevent Japanese visitors who were arriving in ever increasing numbers from obtaining construction secrets without paying for them.

The Japanese can get most of the German industrial secrets of a military or semimilitary nature, such as new airplane models, antitank guns, processes of machine gun manufacture, etc., if they are willing to pay for them. The reason for this is that the German Army does not consider it likely that the Japs can ever attack Germany. But the Japanese always tried and probably are still trying to steal rather than pay for such information.

Japs Still In Dark

THERE are some secrets which the German General Staff wants to keep exclusively for Germany—to keep secret even from its Allies—such as secrets of the German warship building program and the technical development of German U-boats. According to the latest information, the Japs are still as much in the dark about these things as they were 10 years ago.

Until December, 1941, Germany had no secrets from the Japanese as far as the conduct of this war was concerned. Japanese military observers have been sent in great numbers to the German front. There is even a Japanese colonel in Hitler's own headquarters. In December, 1941, Japanese observers were removed from the Russian theatre of war for a few weeks.

The reason for this was not that the Germans wanted to keep secret their conduct of war. The reason was that Hitler himself did not want the somewhat embarrassing fact to leak out that he was not on the verge of taking Moscow, since he had told the Japanese observers for a long time that he was going to do so—any minute now. Only when Japan, still believing in the imminent fall of Moscow, had plunged into the war were the Japanese observers allowed to return.

If Your Maclean's Is Late

•

Every effort is made to have your copy arrive on time—but wartime brings transportation difficulties which occasionally may cause your copy to be late. If so, we ask your indulgence.

The Japanese are not quite as magnanimous as their partners when it comes to divulging their strategy and tactics. They try to keep the technique of their operations and also certain naval secrets to themselves. Therefore German military observers have not been allowed on any Japanese front but only are permitted to come later on, after a point has been taken and the front has moved forward.

Because of this situation the Germans have been compelled to maintain a full-fledged espionage organization in Japan. The organization has two branches. The branch of political espionage is headed by Dr. Heinrich Stuehmer, a member of the notorious Ribbentrop Bureau, the diplomatic espionage agency attached to the foreign office. The military branch is headed by Colonel von Kretschmar, one of the military attachés of Ambassador Eugen Ott.

If the Nazis were making war on the Japs they could not spy more fervently on them.

A year ago this whole situation was blasted wide open when the Japanese arrested a man named Richard T P Zorge and a group of Germans and Frenchmen spying for Germany. At the same time two members of the Japanese Diet were also arrested and charged with being in the pay of Zorge.

It then turned out that Zorge had been the head of the German espionage organization in Japan for the last 10 years, after having spent the previous eight years as a German news correspondent in Tokyo. It was found that the station wagon he used in his travels around Japan contained a short-wave transmitter hidden where the motor was supposed to be, while the motor was placed under the driver's seat. There was a well-grounded suspicion that Zorge was also in the pay of the Chinese intelligence service.

Both Dr Stuehmer and Colonel von Kretschmar are very carefully watched by the Japanese authorities. Kretschmar has a large staff to assist him. Foremost on his staff is Colonel von Gronau, Germany's Air Attaché in Tokyo, and Admiral Richards who was sent to Tokyo from Berlin—according to a report of Ambassador Oshima—for the sole purpose of ferreting out the secrets of the Japanese Navy, secrets which Nippon guards most jealously against her Axis Allies.

These, then, are a few glimpses into the very intricate and complex espionage and counterespionage situation which has developed over the last 40 years between the two important partners of the Axis. Japs spying on German industry. Germans spying on Japanese military movements. German espionage working for the benefit of Japanese warfare. One

TO THOSE IN THE SERVICES

SEE that there are no lonely men or girls among your relations and friends in the fighting services. Whether they're in the Navy, the Army or the Air Force . . . whether they're serving overseas or are stationed here at home . . . write regularly and write often! Keep them posted about family affairs, about neighbourhood affairs. Tell them what you are doing, what their folks are doing, what their friends are doing. Let them see they're not forgotten. Let them know that they're appreciated.

—and for all Home Writing & Reading Tasks— Guard Against Eyestrain use

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"Last Saturday was the proudest day of my life!"

THE DAY my Bill went off to war, he held me tight as he kissed me good-bye and he said, "So long, little Allie—you're the head of our family now!"

If you knew Bill—well, you'd see why winning this war is so important to me! I work every day when I take my place in the shop—and my work so far has passed inspection with flying colors!

And last Saturday, when they handed me my first pay envelope, I did something I've been thinking about quite a bit, lately ... ever since I read somewhere that "The future belongs to those who prepare for it."

I paid the first premium on some insurance on my life—so that little Janie and Bobby will be *sure* of the future Bill and I have in our hearts for them . . .

Life Insurance Suggestions for the Women War Worker

- If you're single, your basic life insurance need is a small policy to cover final expenses and burial. But if you have dependents such as elderly parents, chances are you need life insurance for their protection—or for your own retirement later.
- If you are married with children, and your husband has gone away to war, have you considered that right now your own need for life insurance may be almost as great as your husband's was formerly?
- If you are helping your husband to support your family, it is wise, for each of you to take out life insurance in proportion to your contribution to the family income.
- Your Prudential representative will gladly advise you on any of these plans.

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overlapping the other, one replacing the other.

Espionage alliance is just as important and formidable as actual military alliance. Perhaps more so since it is only a preparation for the latter. The Axis espionage alliance is a terrific weapon against the United Nations. There is no reason to underestimate it. But Axis espionage in its involved structure and operation also shows the great fundamental weakness of the Axis. The partners of the Axis are not real partners. They fight against us but they are far from trusting each other.

Front Line Hospital

Continued from page 11

former hospital kitchen. The walls were white tile and the water faucets were shining bright. There was a scrubbed table in the centre of the room and it was altogether the cleanest place I had seen in Sicily.

A number of nurses off duty were sitting there drinking tea with sliced lemon. They gave me a cup while they told me they were the first nurses to arrive in Sicily. They disembarked at Augusta on July 19—just nine days after the troops leaped ashore on the beaches. The Canadian girls arrived almost a week before the first British nurses.

"And weren't they mad when they found us here first!" Sister Isobel Gervin, Winnipeg, said. "You see they had been told they would be the first to arrive."

The first Allied women to step ashore in Sicily got a tremendous hand from the troops. Sister Jessie Blair, Perth, Ont., said: "We sure got a thrill over the great cheers we received."

However, the Canadian nurses were not expected that soon and their arrival caused consternation among the authorities. They were hurried away from the port which was being bombed. During the first days they helped at a casualty clearing station until their own hospital was set up.

While we were talking the bark of anti-aircraft guns sounded outside. The girls crowded the doorway. High in the hard blue sky a thin white exhaust trail looked like a chalk mark on a blackboard. At the end the exhaust faded as though the chalk had been lifted from the board and pinpoint puffs like cotton wool appeared.

The firing did not last long but while it was going on the nurses talked about other air raids they had experienced in Sicily—one last night and one the day before. They were old campaigners now and used to this sort of thing.

"We've been bitten by fleas and bugs," Sister Neville Compston, Winnipeg, said. "Nearly everyone has."

"You're telling me!" I said.

The Canadian girls quickly got used to conditions in Sicily which were so different from what they had known in England. They were just as much at home in the dusty Italian institution as they had been at the beautiful Cliveden Estate where they were formerly established. They kidded and joked but they were enjoying roughing it.

"You ought to see my bedroom," Sister Terence Hunter, Winnipeg, said. "It's so nice and it would be so quiet if there weren't 49 others in it."

"Yes, there are 50 of us upstairs in the building next door," Sister Margaret Stanley, Brandon, Man., said. "We all go to sleep at the same time as otherwise we would be stepping all over each other." Another nurse in the group was Sister Hunter, wife of Louis Hunter, Canadian Press War Correspondent. I had seen Louis at Tunis the day before and he was a forlorn figure waiting to come to the front.

There is one thing our nurses have not got used to and that is the dirt. Matron Agnes McLeod, Edmonton, said, "The place was filthy when we arrived. We just got one building cleaned when they moved us to another one. I'm afraid it's not fully clean yet."

The matron showed me through one low two-story building which was part of the main hospital. Men were scrubbing and sweeping while the nurses were attending wounded lying on stretchers and cots.

The Canadians were the first to set up a hospital in Sicily. The hospital I was visiting was the last link in the medical chain on the island.

When a soldier is wounded at the front he is brought by stretcher to the regimental aid post. Sometimes he is given sulfa drugs and opiates by the stretcher bearers but usually he receives these at the regimental aid post. Each man gets a number of sulfa tablets whatever the nature of his wound. These build resistance to infection. After he has received first aid he is put into a stretcher-carrying Jeep and taken to a reception depot. There he is transferred to an ambulance and rushed to the advanced surgical centre.

The advanced surgical centre is really a mobile hospital. It includes headquarters, a field ambulance unit, two field surgical units, a field dressing station and a field transfusion unit. The centre brings surgery almost to the front line.

I was at one of these centres at Agira and it was only one mile from the front. Major Don Young, Ottawa, former McGill football star, who was one of the doctors there, told me that only badly wounded soldiers and those requiring resuscitation were treated at the advanced surgical centre. If a wounded man could travel he was sent to a casualty clearing station and from there to the Canadian General Hospital.

However, quite a few sickness cases are kept at these advanced surgical centres and there have been a fair number of these cases. Major Young estimated that half the casualties have been sickness cases but that does not mean that they have been many, as casualties have been light. The main sicknesses suffered by Canadians have been dysentery, sand fly fever and "gyppy stomach." This latter is a hangover from the Middle East and should be called "Sicilian stomach" instead, but I suppose everyone is afraid it might be shortened to "sissy stomach." It is known as gastroenteritis by the Canadian Medical Corps. At any rate most of these cases are cured in three or four days and they are kept at the advanced surgical centre as they are not serious enough to move farther down. There has been little or no malaria as yet.

The First Canadian Division has several of these advanced surgical centres and they keep close to the front by leapfrogging each other. Usually they occupy buildings but if none are suitable the doctors work under canvas. The advanced surgical centre at Agira was in a school.

This Canadian General Hospital is the last link in the medical chain in Sicily but it is also the first link in the further chain which stretches to Africa. The Fifteenth Canadian General Hospital is established there. Prolonged cases such as broken bones are sent back to Africa.

And so here is the medical chain and all its links: stretcher-bearer—regimental aid post—stretcher-bearing jeeps—reception depot—ambulance—advanced surgical centre—ambulance—casualty clearing station—ambulance—field hospital; and another smaller chain—ambulance—air evacuation centre—ambulance—hospital plane—base hospital.

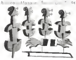
Matron McLeod told me the hospital had two operating theatres and would eventually have 200 beds. The hospital unit lost most of its medical equipment and was operating with captured equipment. Strangely enough this captured equipment was of British manufacture which the Italians took at Tobruk and we recaptured in Sicily.

Sister Evelyn Gregory, Winnipeg, was working in the wards I visited. She said to me, "We all think the Eighth Army boys are wonderful. They are the best patients we have ever had." This hospital was looking after British as well as Canadian wounded when I was there. Eventually it may handle only Canadians.

There is no doubt at all that the soldier in this war has a better chance for survival and speedy recovery than the fighting man of the last war. And from what I saw the Canadian soldier has the best chance of all. This is due to the efficient organization of our Medical Corps with its advanced surgical centres and field hospitals. Bringing surgery to the front line saved many Canadian lives.

But I think many of them must be getting well fast because of the Canadian nurses. The troops must have been as surprised as I was that noon in the olive grove at the way the girls looked. Their appearance was a tonic which no medicine could equal. I hope their powder keeps dry—and lasts.

❧



budapest

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page [illegible]

At the peak the press and radio group numbered more than 150 men and women. This number allowed 40 correspondents from each participating country. Six Australians were included in the British press delegation; one Russian was included with the Canadians since he was Ottawa correspondent of Tass; and one Chinese, a Washington correspondent, was included with the Americans. The number fitted exactly into the accommodation in press headquarters established in the Hotel Clarendon.

Fast fighter planes of the Royal Canadian Air Force flew in pairs as a protective cover over Quebec. Some of the anti-aircraft guns were in plain sight, such as a businesslike Bofors tended by a French Canadian gun crew in the shadow of the Chateau. Others were hidden from tourists' gaze in a prohibited stretch of the Plains of Abraham battlefield.

Talk of a possible German suicide attack on the Citadel was kept out of news dispatches but not from the tavern gossip of Quebec. But the key figures of the conference, in their guarded residence in the Citadel, enjoyed the protection of North America's safest air raid shelter. This year workmen, when excavating, ran into a forgotten underground passage deep in the rocky cliff of Cape Diamond atop which sits the old fortress. In its 330 years of stirring history the Citadel and its predecessor fortresses of old Quebec have struck deep roots into the heart of the limestone crag. Down in the ancient vaults even a block buster might be heard only as a distant thud.

Quebec For de Gaulle

DURING frequent lulls in conference news, correspondents wrote of Quebec and French Canada. If the city lost thousands of dollars worth of tourist business it gained thousands of columns of publicity in the press of the democratic world. To many observers from Britain and the United States it was a first opportunity to examine French Canada's, or all Canada's role in the war. They discovered that among Quebeckers the flavor of De Gaullist sympathy was now strong. Mr. King's cheeks may have blushed when a French newspaper, L'Action Catholique, announced its joy that Premier Josef Stalin was not coming. If so he said nothing. The Quebec papers were not accustomed to being examined each day by a headline-hunting corps of correspondents.

What outsiders found in Quebec was a province in which half the Canadian industrial development of war has taken place; in which criticisms of the war, such as they remain, arise not from lack of fighting tradition but from sober dislike in staid and clerical circles to the social upheavals of war. The cry that the war effort is too great is the cry of tradition against war as an agency of industrial revolution which strikes a heavy impact into the social fabric of Quebec.

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Cross Country

Continued from page 16

smoking American cigarettes, an investigation took place. It was learned that in many instances Americans had been selling their cigarettes to Canadians at a profit. Each time a Canadian bought American cigarettes the Government was the loser because it could not collect the excise tax the Canadian would have contributed had he bought Canadian cigarettes.

One American was arrested and 120,000 cigarettes were seized. These will find their way through the Canadian Red Cross to Canadian prisoners of war in Germany. Charges were also laid against more than 20 other persons or firms accused of aiding the illegal cigarette traffic.

When gas rationing was first announced some persons thought it would be a simple matter to get all the gas they needed by driving to the wellheads at the Turner Valley oil fields. When this failed motorists finally gave up and to date gasoline racketeering appears to have made little headway.

In Saskatchewan black market activity is described as "slight." Bogus gas ration books and coupons, thought to have been counterfeited in Manitoba and eastern Canada, made an appearance and were being sold to motorists for $5 a book. Action by WPTB officials has almost wiped out this practice.

Black marketing in meat, particularly hogs, was reported this summer in some Saskatchewan cities but it has not yet reached any serious proportion. Little black marketing has been discovered in such scarce lines as bobby pins, silk stockings or facial tissues.

In Manitoba a number of "borderline" cases have been investigated. It was found that some coal dealers were filling orders for citizens who paid extra for deliveries. This practice was halted and officials are watching for any signs of a black market in gas, tires, wood or other rationed commodities.

There appears to be no organized black market in tires—only a few petty thefts. Bootleggers, however, are finding business profitable with a 25-oz. bottle of liquor selling for as much as $10.

Ontario

BLACK MARKET operations in Ontario have caused the police and WPTB officials considerable concern.

Gasoline has been the big headache and a drive to clean up gasoline racketeering resulted in the closing of more than 220 service stations in various parts of the province—55 of them in the Toronto area. Thefts of gasoline coupon books are reported regularly and one investigator found a service station in Toronto willing to sell gasoline without coupons upon the payment of an additional 10 cents a gallon.

An alleged black market in candy in the Toronto area was recently broken up. Three men and a woman were arrested, and stocks of candies in several stores and highway stands were seized. The shortage of chocolate bars had made the candy an important item on the black market.

Tires are another major black market problem in Ontario. In Toronto alone more than 1,000 tires have been stolen since the beginning of the year and it is estimated that these tires, which normally would have sold for about $16,250, will bring black market operators about $40,500.

There was a considerable black market traffic in beef in the Windsor area, with shipments going from Canada across the river to Michigan. Estimates are that these shipments reached 2,000 pounds a week before the traffic was halted.

Some Ontario grocers and merchants are accused of selling hard-to-get commodities to preferred customers. While this does not actually constitute a black market it has aroused the ire of housewives who claim goods are being kept from them and are for sale to only a favored few. This, they claim, applies chiefly to foodstuffs no longer easily obtained.

An example of the "small fry" black markets referred to by police was broken up recently when Toronto police raided a home and found the basement stocked with 450 pounds of butter and more than 100 pounds of meat.

Despite one of the highest liquor and beer rations in the Dominion, Ontario black markets in liquor are reported doing a sizeable business. A $5 bottle of Scotch brings a bootlegger as high as $9.

Quebec

OF THE provinces where black markets appear to be operating most tenaciously, Quebec is a leader, and in the Montreal area alone more than 1,170 cases have been disposed of since the inception of court proceedings by the WPTB in 1942. About 500 other cases have been settled out of court.

Montreal itself has registered two "firsts" in the field of black market convictions. One was a fine of $25,000—largest yet levied in the Dominion—imposed on a Montreal manufacturer of men's clothing after he pleaded guilty to several charges laid by the Prices Board. The other was the revoking of a Montreal firm's business license and the seizure of its entire stock. The firm was ordered closed and the stock sold to the public at prevailing "ceiling" prices.

The proprietors of this poultry and egg business were accused of exacting a cash premium, over and above the set price from all buyers. Orders were taken and invoiced at the "ceiling" figure but later, on delivery, an additional per pound charge was made. This had to be paid in cash or the poultry was not delivered.

In the black marketing of gasoline Montreal was the setting for one of the most spectacular series of raids carried out by RCMP officers. Several men were arrested, more than

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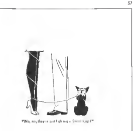

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—

Some Line—Airmen up in Alaska say they recently rescued three caribou caught in telephone wires. Or are they stringing us?—Ottawa Citizen

—

A Grave Thought—A tombstone is one of the few things that has anything nice to say about a man when he's down.—Brandon Sun.

—

Weed 'Em And Reap—If you can't tell the weeds from the vegetables in your Victory Garden pull them all up. If they're weeds they'll grow again.—North Bay Nugget

—

Biting Remark—A mosquito never seems to overlook even the barest possibility.—Fort William Times Journal

—

Wee Wisdom—Even when a quarrel is ripe don't pick it. Let it drop.—Calgary Albertan

—

Dose Were the Days—When Fascism first got its start a pint of castor oil was all that was necessary to settle a political argument. Now the forlorn Duce can look back longingly on his oily days.—Toronto Star

Loot Suit?—A well-dressed thief caught after hours in a New York jewellery store denied he planned to fill his pockets with gems. He merely planned to break through the wall to the hosiery shop next door.—Brandon Sun

—

For Dopes Only—Cut off from the genuine opium some addicts find that a Stockholm rumor when stuffed into a pipe gives that unreal feeling.—North Bay Nugget

—

The Broad View—Our Emmy says sometimes she feels her slacks are too far between the pockets.—Calgary Herald

—

International Trade—Fair enough. Our missionaries took the Bible to China and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek brought the dictionary to Ottawa.—Toronto Telegram

—

But Took a Panning—Those "batches" of Italian prisoners who surrendered to the Allies were a half-baked lot. They didn't stand much fire.—Toronto Star

—

All Burned Up?—Husbands says one Western wit, are like matches. You strike them, they flare up and then go out.—Winnipeg Tribune

—

Hoe-Hem!—Of course Victory Gardening pays. We know one chap who dug up 50 pounds of scrap metal and a golf ball.—Vancouver Sun

—

Take A Ladder—An optimist is a guy who elopes with his secretary in the belief he'll still be able to dictate to her after the wedding.—Calgary Herald

Drawn [illegible] by Bo Brown

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Continued from page 57

40,000 ration coupons stolen from the printers were seized and 21 service stations were padlocked. It was estimated that the ring had distributed 750,000 gallons of illegal gasoline in six months.

Reports indicate that with the exception of tea and coffee there is illegal trafficking of all rationed or scarce commodities in the Montreal area. The bulk of this traffic is found among wholesalers or primary suppliers.

The theft of tires and auto accessories from parked cars has become a leading pastime for thieves in the Montreal district.

Clothing manufacturers in the province have, on a number of occasions, been charged with illegal activities—one of which was the manufacture of zoot suits for black market sale. One textile firm dealing in woollens was fined $5,000 for evading manufacturing regulations.

Beer drinkers in Montreal who would rather drink at home than in hotels complain that grocers will no longer supply them. Some grocers, according to these complaints, sell their quotas by the case lots to the numerous small drinking clubs in the city. The club "ceiling" for bottled beer is much higher than the grocer's "retail ceiling," and so the club owner can pay the grocer a premium and obtain a substantial supply at the same time.

Maritimes

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND claims to have had the smallest number of prosecutions under the regulations of the WPTB of any province in the Dominion. No organized ring has been uncovered there and violations consisted mainly of hoarding and the misuse of ration coupons. In the liquor field, however, the island province is experiencing difficulties. The legal sale of liquor is forbidden and bootleggers depend for their supply on "home brew" and the few bottles that can be obtained by doctor's prescription. The cost to consumer is about triple that paid by the illicit dealer. The war shortage of supply has aggravated the situation.

New Brunswick reports isolated cases of counterfeit ration books being sold there and there have been numerous tire thefts. Evidence of widespread black marketing, however, is lacking.

The flood of service men into Nova Scotia has brought in its wake a steady black market in liquor. In Halifax a $5 bottle of Scotch costs up to $18. It has been reported that ninety per cent of the liquor sold by bootleggers is Nova Scotia Commission liquor—the rest is home brew. Heavy fines have been imposed on gasoline coupon thieves, and to forestall a black market in used coupons the province recently ordered the cancellation on presentation at gas stations of all coupons. Outside the field of liquor, however, Nova Scotia has shown little evidence of harboring organized black markets.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

IT'S ABOUT 150 miles as the crow flies from Binscarth, Man., to Osage, Sask., and when James Drever answered his door at three o'clock one morning recently and discovered his father had made the trip by bicycle, he was more than a little surprised. What's more, as Mr. Drever, Sr., explained to his son, he had pedalled much more than 150 miles, because roads don't go as the crow flies, and anyhow he had got off on one or two roads that didn't go where he wanted them to. The bike jaunt had taken him from Sunday to Tuesday and after a few days' visit he was ready to head back home. This time, however, his son insisted he should travel by train. Too much exercise is not good for a man of 82.

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We doubt if many fish stories already on the books can top the one that actually happened to D. Primeau, Montreal. Mr. Primeau cannot only boast of "the big one that got away" but can tell ruefully of "the big one he got away from." Up to the moment he went fishing in Fraser's Creek at Cornwall, Ont., Mr. Primeau's holiday had been a pleasant one. Then things began to happen. First his skiff shipped water, prompting him to remove his shoes. Then he landed the mudpout—or perhaps we should say the mudpout landed Mr. Primeau. Anyhow, no sooner had it been dumped into the bottom of the boat than it flopped over and bit Mr. Primeau's toe. Nor was it a friendly nibble for it penetrated to the bone and Mr. Primeau had to rush off to a doctor for treatment and spend the rest of his vacation with his foot propped up on a chair. It is not considered diplomatic these days to ask Mr. Primeau how the fish are biting.

YOU SHOULDA SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY!

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Tom Sawyer has long been one of our favorite characters but we don't think he had anything on the policeman who recently had a "brush" with some neighborhood children in a town in British Columbia. With childish enthusiasm for publicizing romance the youngsters had painted in gay letters—"Peggy loves Jimmy"—all over a near-by railway shed. In the middle of this artistry they were surprised by Constable McCarthy who surprised them still further by producing several brushes and a large can of paint. He then quietly ordered them to "finish the job" by painting the whole shed.

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We've heard so much about girl riveters, girl bus drivers and girl bellhops, we got to wondering about redcaps and whether the war has opened this profession to the so-called weaker sex. That's how we got to chatting with some of the redcaps at Toronto's Union Station where, among other things, we discovered that redcapping is still a man's world. The war has brought some hectic changes to the redcaps but as yet women aren't among them.

First thing the "boys" will tell you is that they simply can't keep pace with the flood of luggage surging in and out of Union Station by day and night. A puffing executive or dowager wrestling their own bags toward a taxi they hope they can hire is a common sight, for of the more than 100 redcaps once at Union Station, fewer than 40 remain. But those still meeting the trains are a happy lot—wouldn't trade their jobs for the best executive position in the country. Redcapping, they say, gets in your blood. Once you start you can't ever cut yourself loose.

Take H. G. Fountain, for instance. He's been toting luggage for 30 years, has handled maybe 300,000 travelling bags and says redcapping has taught him more about people than any other job in the world. He's raised a family, put a son through university and is No. 2 "boy" at the station. Then there's the "boy" whose redcapping days date back to the horse-and-carriage era of 1905. He's carried bags for King George Sixth and the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales and a lot of other famous people. He's left redcapping for other jobs but has always gone back to his first love.

Redcaps will tell you that the best tippers come from New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago. Among the worst are those from Philadelphia, Cleveland and Detroit. One man who used to arrive with an array of 26 pieces of luggage now hustles through the station with naught but a club bag . . . though his redcap tip remains unchanged. Wheel-chair cases, cripples, mothers with babies get first call on redcaps now.

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An examiner for a musical institution was conducting hearings in a small town in western Canada. The chamber in which aspiring candidates were being heard was long and narrow, and midway through the examinations a small child appeared and paused by the door at the far end of the room. Noting her hesitation the examiner walked to meet her, took her by the hand and leading her to the piano lifted her in fatherly fashion on to the bench. The little girl said nothing and hoping to set her at ease the examiner chatted away in what wasn't exactly baby talk but perilously close to it. Thinking the child was sufficiently reassured he paused, beamed upon her and said: "Now, my little lady, what will you play first? Your scales or a selection?"

The child looked up coldly from the keyboard and then floored him completely by saying in a businesslike manner: "It's quite immaterial to me what I play first, Mr. S——. It's whatever you prefer."

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Money, wafted by a breeze down Walkerton's (Ont.) main street, recently created a bit of a sensation among the population there. Cause of the windfall was a two-year-old boy sitting in the back seat of a car parked by a main street curb. While his mother blissfully went about her shopping in a nearby store, Junior held her open purse on his lap and scattered a roll of bills, one by one, to the fair breezes. His fun cost Mother $35, only $17 of which was recovered. While we can hardly expect the mother to share our feelings, there is something about a youngster calmly scattering money to the four winds that intrigues us. Makes us wish we were young again!

THE PRODIGAL SON!

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FAMOUS SIGNALS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY, No. 5

"HAVE SUNK SUBMARINE"

IT IS EASY to imagine the pride and satisfaction with which the skipper of H.M.C.S. *Ville de Quebec* sent this signal.

The Canadian corvette was far from home when, in 9 minutes of intense action, she sent a German submarine to the bottom of the blue Mediterranean.

Blasted to the surface with depth charges, the U-boat was immediately subjected to such a hail of fire from Canadian gun crews that she never had a chance to man her deck guns. Then, in a few minutes, the corvette's bow surged into her, crushing her deck armour and sending her to the bottom.

Seamen from all over Canada manned the *Ville de Quebec*. You can best thank them by increasing your regular purchase of War Savings Stamps and Certificates so that Canada may build more and more ships to guard the freedom of the seas.

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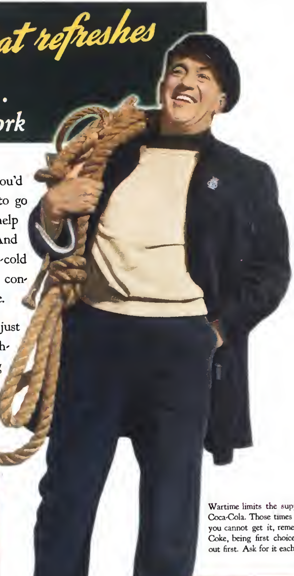
$1 to them means 400 cigarettes delivered to a sailor, soldier or airman who really needs them. So won't you send a subscription — as large as you can make it today!

The rest-pause that refreshes

Welcome in peace . . . more welcome in war work



If you stood watch with a Merchant Seaman, you'd know how he welcomes his turn to rest . . . to go below . . . to enjoy a rest-pause. Such things help to keep men contented on the tough jobs. And when they can enjoy the refreshment of ice-cold Coca-Cola, they welcome it. They know that contentment comes when you connect with a Coke.

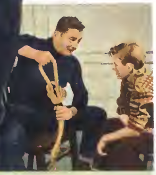
Coca-Cola offers an extra something. More than just quenching thirst it leaves an after-sense of refreshment. It's all the difference between something really refreshing and just something to drink. You'll welcome Coke every time and place it's offered.

A sandwich and a Coke! That's one combination the whole country knows and goes for. Look around you at lunchtime . . . and see.

Wartime limits the supply of Coca-Cola. Those times when you cannot get it, remember: Coke, being first choice, sells out first. Ask for it each time.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

The best
is always
the better buy!



Tying knots is a sailor specialty. When you're tied in knots, there's pleasant relaxation in a refreshing pause for ice-cold Coca-Cola.

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